PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Vol. 16 No. 2 85p

BEST OF THE BAD GIRLS: SEX SIRENS OF THE SILVER SCREEN

LAETRILE: HAVE WE BEEN TESTING THE WRONG CANCER CURE?

MEET SWEET CHASTITY: WICKED WANDA'S SEXY SUCCESSOR

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men 1981/Vol 16 No 2 ®

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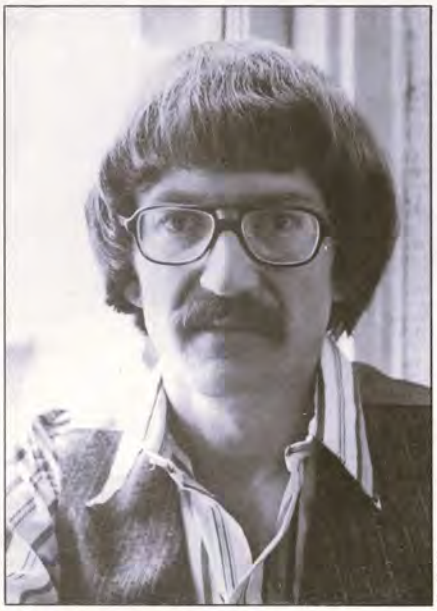

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HOUSECALL

If you have ever yearned to own one of the superb range of BMW cars and motorcycles, this could well be the month when your dream comes true. In this issue of *Penthouse*, and for the next two months, we are giving away a range of these peerless products, in a free, easy-to-enter competition. The first prize is a 323i Cabriolet, worth over £11,000; second prize is the R100RS motorcycle, worth over £3,000, and for 25 lucky runners-up, there are exclusive BMW windcheaters. Those of you who read **L. J. K. Setright**'s enthusiastic appraisal of the car and bike in last month's *Penthouse* will be well acquainted with the quality of these prizes, and for those of you who haven't, we can only advise that you return to his road-tests, to see what you stand a chance of winning. The competition is on pages 36 and 37, and may the best person win.

As will be more than apparent to regular readers of the magazine, **Wicked Wanda** and her cohort of naughty friends have been only making intermittent appearances in the pages of *Penthouse* of late. This has precipitated a high level of correspondence between anxious readers and the editor; anxious from both viewpoints – those who demand that she return at once or else there will be dire consequences, while there have been those who have threatened just as dire consequences if she does return. The besieged editor is, however, pleased to announce that Wanda's artist, **Ron Embleton**, has not been idling his time away, for in conjunction with the owner of *Penthouse* **Bob Guccione**, he has been working on a completely new cartoon strip called **Sweet Chastity**, of which there is a delectable sample on page 72. While mourning the demise of Wicked Wanda, Ron is certain that his new character will bring forth even greater and more fanatical plaudits from the readers of the magazine, and having seen his new creation, we can only agree, and trust that Sweet Chastity can carry on from where the delectable Wanda left off.

Sex, as we are all aware, is a universal preoccupation, and mostly a universal joy. Yet, if you turn to page 83, you will discover that for a large section of the European population this is not the case. **Sex in Russia** is an extract from a book written by **Dr Mikhail Stern**, who for 30 years was a sex therapist in Russia, and it is his experiences which form the basis of the book. For those of us in the West used to a liberal and liberated attitude to sexual matters, it will comes as something of a shock to realise that sexual relations in Russia between couples are severely repressed, with the men especially being singularly ill-informed when it comes to a female's sexual needs. This leads, not surprisingly, to considerable frustration and seemingly little pleasure. In his 30 years of practice, Dr Stern heard of many cases of sexual repression, some of which are included in this extract, and all of which have a tragi-comic aspect to them. Two examples particularly stand out. 'Out of a desire to display their sexual imaginitiveness, some partners are carried by their enthusiasm into some very funny situations. In Vinnitsa, a young wife had been advised by her friend to pull her husband's testicles. I saw the husband in question, as he was brought into the hospital by ambulance, unconscious...In Moscow, a dentist tried to sodomise his wife. He was so adept that the young woman fainted from the pain and the shock. Happily the husband was able to apply artificial respiration.'

On a more serious note, our lead article this month is another in the occasional series on the suppression of cancer cures. The subject this month is the drug Laetrile, which has a more controversial history than probably any other drug. It has been seen as a definite cure for cancer, and was the drug that Steve McQueen was being treated with until his death. While its proponents have been convinced that the drug does work, a young Israeli researcher, **Dr Rubin** has made the astounding claim that the drug that everyone has been calling Laetrile has not been Laetrile at all, and that in fact, he has only just discovered it himself. In other words, millions of people have died because they have been treated with the wrong drug. **David Rorvik** has been investigating Dr Rubin's claim, and his article starts on page 22.

The omnipresent hamburger is the unlikely subject of this month's fiction, which has been written by regular *Penthouse* contributor **Nick Tosches**. Salvation Weaver and his three friends are ever searching for the fast buck, usually with a total lack of success. Salvation, however, is not a man to be despondent and downhearted, and for his novel method of making it rich, turn to page 54.

Also this month, we run a profile of three exploitation movie actresses. Such films have completely replaced the old B films, relying on a formula of sex, violence and black humour, as typified by the work of Roger Corman and Russ Meyer. The profile by **Michael Goodwin** starts on page 38. And to round off this issue, there are, as usual, three girl sets featuring the best of female beauty, as can only to be found in Penthouse. CH

PENTHOUSE

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MAY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these may be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, 2 Bramber Road, London W14 9PB. Correspondents will be asked to confirm authorship by signing and returning a verification form. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Epidermania

Your correspondent, K.S. of Camborne (vol 15 no 9) has put his finger on a sore spot. It was just such an activity as he mentions that resulted in the break-up of my girlfriend and I.

We returned from holiday in such a blistered condition that my girlfriend couldn't bear me to touch her for weeks. Strangely enough it was her backside and my front which were sunburned and the only way we could make love was her to do it to me from behind, which is impossible. This enforced contortioning resulted in her trying to come the male and fuck me. I soon put a stop to that, especially when she insisted I try her vibrator up my backside. She then accused me roundly of male chauvinist piggery and threw me out. Her opinion was that as I was so keen to do it to her from behind, I should let her do it to me. My opinion was that men are men and women are women and there's a world of difference between the two. – *M.Clarke, (address withheld by request), Wolverhampton.*

Point at issue

I wonder how the ladies would rate your correspondent L.D., of Colchester (vol 15 no 9) on his own system of points scoring for female beauty. Does L.D. not realise that we are more or less born with the bodies and faces we are given. I am sure a great many women would wish to be as physically perfect as Sharon Sorrentino, just as many men would like to have the powerful sexual attraction for women that say, Robert Redford, has.

But what is the point of such ridiculous comparison anyway? It's the sexual relationship between two people that's important and not some subjective analysis of physical form. Perhaps L.D. finds it difficult to have a relationship with anyone less than perfect. If so, I feel sorry for his chauvinism.

I'm not beautiful myself and I doubt I have the physical attributes to appear naked in *Penthouse* but my husband is right when he insists that it isn't physical perfection which makes a woman attractive in the first place – it is frequently those little imperfections which all our lovers have, to a greater or lesser degree, which make us all separate individuals and which remind us of our own mortality. – *Mrs. H.M., (full name and address withheld by request), Southport.*

Perhaps Mr Guccione, who it seems can do almost anything, would look into the possibilities of cloning Miss Sharon Sorrentino (vol 15 no 4), so we could all have one? – *J.S. (full name and address withheld by request), London S.W.15.*

Pet of the Year

Kristen Knutsen (vol 15 no 9) just has to be your next Pet of the Year. Never have I seen such a delightful combination of female beauty and such impish animation.

Your models are always incomparably beautiful but rarely do they show such a deliciously naughty communication with the camera that Kristen achieves. In short she looks, unlike many dumb models I have met, intelligent, witty and lots of fun to be with. She certainly gets my vote. – *C.S., (full name and address withheld by request), Peterborough.*

The girl most likely

I must write and say how much I enjoyed your article 'The Girl Most Likely To' in vol 15 no 10. Interestingly enough it reminded me of a similar experience of mine, when, after several years, I once again came across a girl I had known at school.

At school she had been an attractive but quite sexless girl. Several of my contemporaries had fancied her from a distance and I even remember having used her as a masturbatory fantasy several times myself. However she had always been unavailable and had kept herself to herself. I did manage to take her once to a school social and later tussle with her on her parents' sofa. I was having so little luck with her that I got my cock out and asked her to hold it, but she had refused to touch it, and told me to leave. Afterwards she refused to ever speak to me again.

Now, just four years later, I met her at another party. She was married by now and I had been away at university for three years. I didn't recognise her at first but she recognised me. I was in a corner chatting with some old friends when she came over and introduced herself. She looked absolutely stunning. Her long blonde hair cascaded about her bare shoulders and her strap-less evening dress revealed the bulging upper surfaces of her beautiful smooth breasts. My friends were openly envious that she had spoken to me.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

SF099

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"As long as you stay youthful and in shape, there is no reason why you shouldn't continue loving for many years to come."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

My present husband is just about the same as my first husband as far as sex goes: when the urge hits him, I am expected to lie back in bed, receive a kiss or two on the lips, and then have my vagina penetrated by a stiff penis. Then, after a few fast strokes, he rolls over and goes to sleep. I assumed this was the way sex was supposed to be – to satisfy your husband and raise children.

Now my sex life has really changed. Two years ago another teacher from my school and I were delegates at a meeting in London, where we were staying at the same hotel. John and I had known each other for several years but had never been close.

After an all-day meeting, John suggested that we go out for dinner and cocktails. I am not used to drinking very much, and I was a little tipsy when John escorted me back to my hotel room. Once we were in the room, John took me in his arms and kissed me, working his hot tongue between my lips as his hands began to lightly rub my large breasts. This really turned me on, and it was only a short while before we were undressed and in bed. John did not rush. He stroked my breasts and thighs and kept on kissing me. I had not been kissed or fondled like this by either of my husbands, and after about half an hour of foreplay I had a feeling in my vagina that I had never experienced before. My pussy was really wet, and this was the first time that I really felt like having a stiff penis rammed up me. John knew that he had me excited when I told him that I needed him. He spread my legs and inserted his hard dick into me. His strokes were long and slow; he was not in a hurry. Then I had this wonderful feeling, and I realised that I was having my first orgasm. After the waves of excitement had faded, I realised that he was still hard and had not come. I asked him if it was because of me, and he told me that he was going to really satisfy me before he came. He kept on pounding into me, varying the strokes – slow, then fast; short, then deep. When I reached my third orgasm he came deep inside me. John then spent the rest of the night with me, cuddled up in my arms.

Next day the meeting was over about mid-afternoon, and John asked me if I had ever been to a blue film. I told him no. I had been raised to think that only perverts went to see things like that. John said he had never been to a real blue film either, only to one-reel eight-millimetre movies that didn't have any sound. I told him I would go with him but that I had to have a couple of drinks first.

We went to the cocktail lounge and had a couple of Bloody Marys, then took a cab to see a film that had all kinds of sex acts that I had read about but never really thought people did. But the films excited me, and when John put my hand on the bulge in his trousers, I knew he was excited also. It was dark when we got out of the cinema, and at the hotel he carried me up to his room. After one drink we were undressed, and John took me into the shower with him. He soaped and washed me from head to toe, rubbing all my body. That rubbing certainly felt good! My nipples were hard and my pussy was wet. Then he asked me to wash him. After the shower we went to bed.

John kissed my lips slowly, letting his tongue rub inside my mouth. Then he sucked my tongue into his mouth. He moved on down and began kissing my tits, and he asked me what I had thought of the film. I told him that parts of it had made me sick. He asked me if I wanted to try some of the things we had seen. I told

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told him that some of those acts were shocking to me but that I was now wondering about them. Then I realised his lips had moved down to my belly and his hot breath was blowing over my vagina. I felt his hot tongue lick my clitoris. This was a feeling I had never felt or thought that I could feel. He kissed and licked all around my cunt and clit. The feeling was driving me up the wall, and I began to come. I clamped my thighs tightly around his head, and I thought I would never stop coming. John kept on until I had climaxed four times.

After I had caught my breath and was relaxing, John kissed my lips and I could taste my own juices. It was exciting. I saw that his penis was hard, and I asked him if he wanted to put it in me so he could get his relief. He asked me if I liked what he had done to me with his mouth, and I told him I loved it. He told me I could repay him by using my mouth on his hard dick. I told him I had never done that before. He said it was okay if I didn't want to put his dick in my mouth, but I felt that since I had felt so good having him suck me off that I should repay him.

I slowly kissed the head of his dick. His cock was so large that I had trouble getting only half of it in my mouth. He whispered that I should take it slow and easy at first. I was afraid that I would gag, but it was throbbing in my mouth and felt good. John began to moan, and his dick throbbed and got bigger, and to my surprise John began to come in my mouth. I knew I would gag if I swallowed it, so I let it run out of my mouth and down his hot shaft. He told me how much he loved me and how good it felt to come in my mouth. I was surprised that I had also enjoyed it.

I wanted him again, so I kept kissing his dick until it was hard again. He got me up on my hands and knees and got behind me. He slipped that hard dick up my cunt and really pounded it to me until I had two more climaxes. We spent the rest of the night sucking and screwing.

For most of my life I have really missed out on sex. These past two years have really been wonderful. I am really looking forward to our next meeting so John and I can catch up on our lovemaking. Just thinking about it has made my panties dripping wet as I write this letter. – A.S.A.

You see, it is never too late to learn, even if you are a teacher yourself. Accept the fact that you now have the chance of your life to catch up on lost time. As long as you stay youthful and in shape, there is no reason why you shouldn't continue loving and fucking for many years to come.

FLAP HAPPY

I am an attractive married woman, approaching 30, and had never had an extramarital affair. For the last couple of years I've had the occasion to see this man generally about once a week during my lunch hour. Although he is considerably older than I am, he is quite good looking and has a marvellous physique, which is accented by a gorgeous, firm bottom. Although he made it quite obvious that he found me sexually attractive, our relationship never got off dead centre, partly because of his respect for me and the fact that he is related to my husband's side of the family. But mostly it was hesitation on my part as to whether I should encourage him.

Inviting him to my place would have been too obvious and risky, so I came up with the idea of telling him that we were thinking of remodelling our kitchen and that I would like to get some ideas by looking at his kitchen, which is very modern. Of course, I left it up to him to invite me when his wife was away. This was all the encouragement he needed, and arrangements were made for the following week.

When I arrived at his house, I was a bundle of nerves, but in a few moments Harry made me feel right at home. He asked me to excuse his appearance, as he had just showered after mowing his lawn. (All he was wearing was a pair of white jogging shorts). I told him I didn't mind a bit. He invited me to take a seat on the sofa, and as he crossed the room to get me a drink I couldn't help but admire his body.

When he returned with the drinks, he seated himself directly across the room from me. I had crossed my legs and arranged my skirt to show off my legs. The couch was low, so I knew he was getting a good look. I didn't realise how much I was getting to him until just before we got up to go to the kitchen. He had been sitting with his knees close together while we talked, but when he spread his legs just before we got up, I nearly fainted. There was a good three to four inches of fat cock hanging out of his shorts. As we walked to the kitchen I was still a little weak in the knees, thinking about what I had just seen. I had a hard time concentrating on Harry's explanation of how the cabinet space, counter space, appliances, and plumbing had been arranged to get the maximum use of the available space. When I looked up at the ceiling light fixture, I bumped right into him. He put his arms around me and pulled me closer, and I could feel his nice, hard erection pressing through my skirt into the crease between my cheeks. He turned me around and kissed my eager lips, and our tongues entwined in a deep kiss. When we finally parted to catch our breath, he told me how long he had wanted me, and I told him how many times I had thought of him, too. We settled on the sofa in the living room. Between passionate kisses, he removed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

VIEW FROM THE TOP

STUBBLE, STUBBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE

BY CHRIS HALLINGER

As we grow into adulthood, our bodies go through a striking transformation, one that will have a profound effect on us for the rest of our lives. Our beards start to grow. Let's face it; we all want to have sexual relationships and jobs, and we're not going to get anywhere unless we shave. So we're going to have to practice some kind of beard control. In order to make an intelligent choice, we have to look at what methods are available and decide between them according to their safety, effectiveness, and cost. No one method is perfect for every man.

In the old days, men had beards whether they wanted them or not, and they suffered in silence. Look at pictures of men in the 1890s: even the prime ministers had beards. Now, with the advent of modern shaving technology and the raising of men's consciousness, we have new freedom and power that we never knew in the past. We are gaining power over our own faces and the freedom when and where we will have a beard.

The first step towards taking control of our faces is getting to know them. We must lose our inhibitions about touching and looking at our own bodies. The best way to begin is with a personal facial examination.

Personal Facial Examination. Usually this is done in the privacy of the bathroom or bedroom, in the early morning or just before bathing. However, it can be performed anytime, as often as you like, alone or in groups. All you need is a mirror and a powerful light.

Don't be embarrassed about exploring the entire facial area. There is nothing to be ashamed about; we are all curious about our bodies. With some practice you can learn to find and identify your mouth, ears, neck, and other vital areas. Soon you will be able to recognise and understand what your beard is doing.

The first self-examination may prove to be a joyous and thrilling event, as this college student reports: 'At first I was repulsed by the idea. Nice men don't touch themselves "up there". But once I started, it was fascinating. I enjoyed it immensely. I found out that I have nostrils. Two of them! It was the most wonderful experience of my life.'

It is also important to learn the scientific terminology. It is time for us to educate ourselves so that we can speak to our barbers on their terms. Jerry, a 25-year-old single man, tells a typical story: 'I told my barber, "Just a trim. I want it to come halfway down my ears." He was shocked. "Where did you find out about ears?" he wanted to know. "What are you, a cosmetology student?"'

Now let's look at the different methods of beard control that are available.

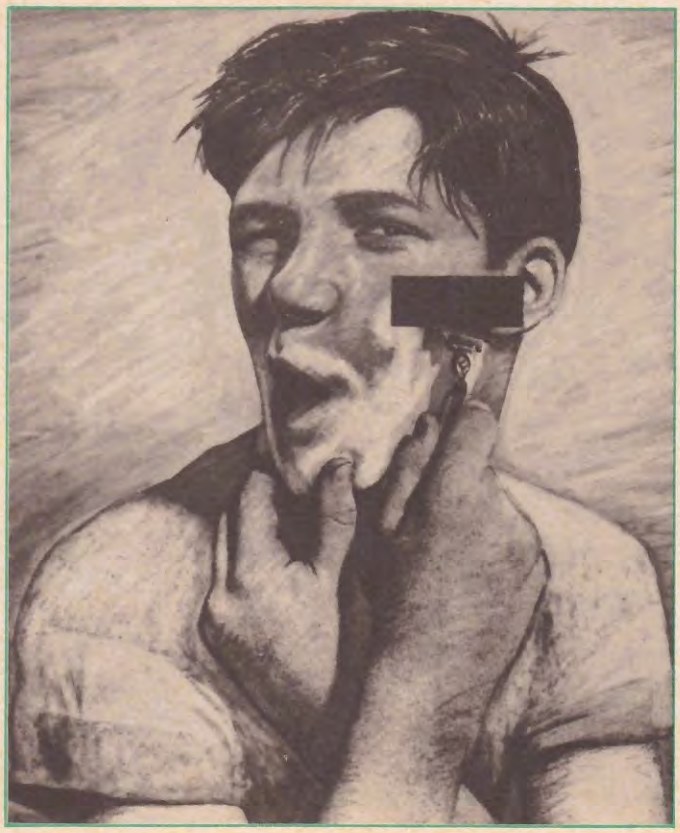
The Electrical Scraping Device (ESD). *What it is:* An ESD consists of a motor that is encased in plastic, a row of metal blades, and a coiled-up electrical cord. The blades may be either single-file or rotary, stationary or floating. The whole business is enclosed in a case, with instructions and a warranty. The case is usually made out of Leatherette.

How to Use It. Take the ESD out of the case. Attach the cord to the device (follow directions). Plug it into a socket and shave.

Advantages. It is quick. It is convenient. It is safe. There is no cutting or bleeding of the face.

Disadvantages. It sounds terrible. Most ESDs sound like chainsaws, which may not be the noise you want to hear at 7:00 A.M. It can be irritating to the skin. Many men report that they have to keep going over the same places until it hurts so much they have to stop. It is expensive. An ESD can cost as much as £25, not including maintenance fees.

Effectiveness. ESDs have a low effectiveness rating, getting only 70 to 80 per cent of the beard. The effectiveness varies according to how sharp the blades are and how hard you push. The electrical scraping device was once considered to be the ultimate solution to the problem of beard control – the technological miracle of the 1950s. However, many men are becoming disenchanted with ESDs and are going back to more 'old-fashioned' methods.



The Blade. *What it is.* This device consists of a thin piece of metal that is incredibly sharp, attached to a T-shaped holder. The blade can be single- or double-edged, and it can be either injector or manual. It can be made of chromium, tungsten steel or melted swords. The handle can be made out of plastic or metal. Some handles are hollow, so that you can whistle into them, while some are not. Some handles are equipped with a special hinge that allows the blade to pivot. Consult your barber or the nearest football player for advice on choosing the correct device for you.

How to use it. Warning: It must be used with a foam.

First, the blade must be attached to the handle. This is done either by hand, or in the case of injector blades, with a special dispenser. Wash your face with hot water. The water temperature should be as close to boiling as possible. Apply the foam to the facial area. This must be done within five minutes of shaving ev-

An abstinent W.G. Grace

ery time you shave. The whole whisker area must be covered. Now you are ready to shave. You should stand erect, in a well-lit area, with a source of water close at hand. You should be reasonably awake and alert. The object is to take off as much beard as possible while leaving behind as much skin as possible.

Advantages. It doesn't make an unpleasant noise. No electricity is needed. It can be used while camping or in developing nations. It is inexpensive to purchase.

Disadvantages. It must be used with foam. It can be dangerous. Cutting and bleeding are common, especially among new users. There are possible dangerous side effects: your hands and face can be burnt by scalding water.

Effectiveness. The blade has a very good effectiveness rating: as high as 90 per cent of the beard, if used with caution. After decades of being out of fashion, the blade is coming back into its own. Despite the problems involved with its use, many men rely on its simplicity and effectiveness, just as our grandfathers did.

Foam. *What it is.* White foamy stuff that comes out of a can. It may or may not contain fluorocarbons. Check the label.

How it works. The foam sets up your beard for a smooth, close, comfortable shave. Shake the can well. Spray some foam into your hand, and apply to the face. Look into the mirror so you can see what you're doing. Try to keep it away from your eyes, hair, and glasses.

Advantages. Foam is easily available. It can be purchased in any chemist. It comes in different scents, including lemon, lime, sea spray, wild forest, and musk.

Disadvantages. It is time-consuming to use. Some men find it cumbersome and messy to use. It tastes terrible if you get some in your mouth.

Abstinence. Abstinence is a perfectly legitimate choice for some men. You simply go without shaving. You'll be miserable in the summer, your face will feel hot and dirty, and you'll look like a down-and-out even with a suit on. It's up to you.

Men's Consciousness. Times have changed. Our society has become more permissive. Matters that were once never mentioned in public can now be talked about openly; we can speak frankly and plainly about beard control. Parents are telling their children the facts about whiskers so that they won't grow up learning half-truths from the street corner.

It is important to communicate with our partners and our friends. We need to support each other and to talk about our needs and feelings. Here is one man's experience of the value of group support:

'I was in the barbers, waiting to have a whiskerectomy. I was very nervous. I felt isolated and afraid, with nothing to comfort me. I looked at my brothers in the room and realised that despite our differences in age and background, there was a common bond between us. After we talked awhile and shared some experiences, we discovered that we had many similar ideas and feelings. We all felt that the Reds had an improved defence this year and that they had a good chance for a final place. But what troubled us was their need for some offensive firepower, somebody who could score regularly. After our talk I felt relaxed and comfortable. I was no longer alone.'

Women and Beard Control. Unfortunately, even in our 'Liberated' society, almost all of the responsibility for beard control still falls on the men. We are the ones who must go to the barbers and to the chemist; we must go through all the hassles ourselves. It is often a strain on us – physically, emotionally, and monetarily. We do it for their benefit as much as for our own, but many women will just shrug and say, 'That's your problem.'

It's no wonder that we feel angry and bitter.

SOUNDS

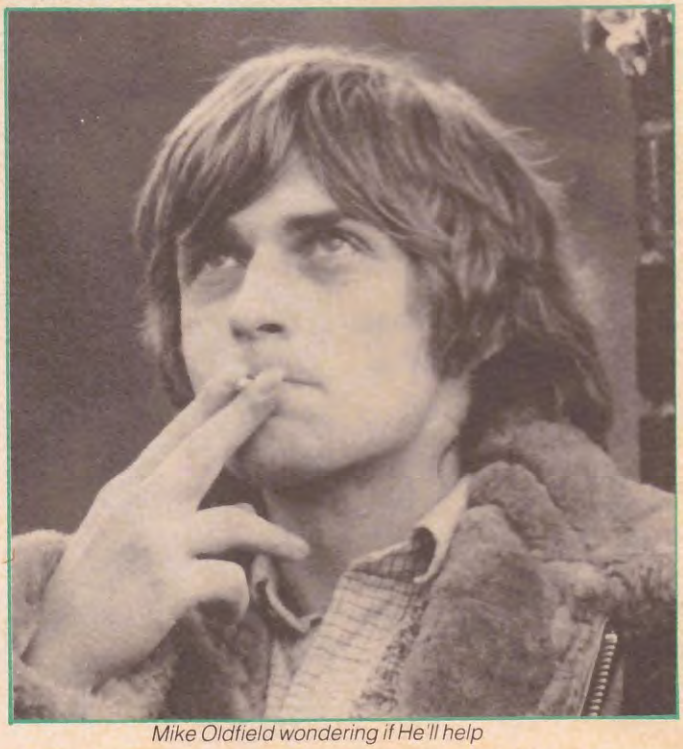
THE BELLS, THE BELLS

Looking back, it can be seen that Mike Oldfield's career began in earnest not in May 1973 when, just before his 20th birthday, his debut solo album *Tubular Bells* was released, but in that period some 18 months earlier when Oldfield made the decision to resign from the comparative security of a job playing guitar for Kevin Ayers and concentrate his energies on bringing to fruition an idea he had been carrying in his mind for some time of a full length 'rock concerto'.

Oldfield worked under the influence of classical music, and the 'systems-music' album by Terry Riley, *A Rainbow In Curved Air*, which was popular among musicians at the time, with the objective of making 'a classical symphony in the best way I knew how'. He spent 18 months working on the project, in which time it was turned down by virtually every major record-company in the country. Eventually Virgin, a new company which had grown out of a record-retail chain owned by one Richard Branson, gave Oldfield one week's free use of their own studios, the Manor. Oldfield recorded the first side of *Tubular Bells*, overdubbing virtually every instrument himself with a little help from Viv Stanshall.

As befitted the quietly compelling nature of the music itself, *Tubular Bells* proved a gradual, but ultimately staggering commercial success – some nine million copies sold worldwide to date, taking it into the realms of such phenomena as *Dark Side of the Moon* and *Frampton Comes Alive*.

Oldfield now says he was so determined for *Tubular Bells* to be a success while writing and recording the album that it was no great surprise when it subsequently became one – although the record was to succeed almost



Mike Oldfield wondering if He'll help

in spite of his own efforts after its release. He refused to publicise the work, turned down innumerable offers to perform it on stage and instead retreated as far away as possible from the ensuing brouhaha, first to an isolated cottage on a Welsh hillside, later to a mansion in Gloucestershire. He acquired a reputation for extreme diffidence – to the point where an interview – and these were always few and far between – would amount to little more than a succession of painful silences. Oldfield now dismisses that as industry image building. 'Every successful person in the music industry needs an image, and I didn't have one, so that was the nearest to an image people could get – the shy hermit. I suppose there was an element of truth in it. I was really disapproving of the business, having been rejected so many times.'

But clearly too, Oldfield was labouring under the weight of the enormous critical reputation – with all the expectations that implies – which *Tubular Bells* had brought him. *Tubular Bells* had made him a lot of money, although not, he insists, as much as everybody thinks – as an unknown quantity, he signed for Virgin Records on a low royalty rate, and while he has since renegotiated his contract, all royalties for *Tubular Bells* have continued to be paid at the original rate. More significantly, the record brought him artistic recognition, critical acclaim, the wherewithal to record how and what he liked and – a mixed blessing – a yardstick by which all his music would henceforth be measured.

Musically too, *Tubular Bells* set the tone for Oldfield's work over the following five or six years; first *Hergest Ridge* – a record substantially marred, Oldfield believes, by the surfeit of technological polish he could by then afford – then *Ommadawn* and *Incantations*. All were based on the established principle of writing to concerto-length, of the constant repitition of one established theme within each piece and of multi-instrumental over-dubbing by Oldfield – although the distinctive elements of African tribal music, English folk, even hornpipe music were progressively grafted on to the basic superstructure.

The records enjoyed varying degrees of commercial success, while keeping Oldfield's critical reputation largely intact – although he allows that by the time of *Incantations* he was beginning to find the established format limiting. More importantly, a new influence had entered his life in the form of Exegesis – an alleged 'consciousness-raising' technique somewhat similar to EST. Oldfield says he used Exegesis as a way of finding out about himself 'and human nature', and coming to terms with behaviour he describes as the legacy of his unhappy childhood.

Oldfield refuses to talk about the actual procedures involved in Exegesis, 'because it is such a personal experience' and because anybody taking the course is requested not to discuss it with outsiders. But it undoubtedly wrought a remarkable transformation in his character. From being 'a shy hermit' he appeared to metamorphose into a garrulous, outgoing and rather boorish social-butterfly.'

The change was also to affect his music. Oldfield says he immediately became open to new influences; his first project after Exegesis was to fly to New York and record a disco single, 'Guilty'. He also toured for the first time since writing *Tubular Bells* – in the spring of 1979 – although in keeping with his new mood, the way he chose to do it – with a full orchestra and choir numbering some 50 people – was to prove suicidally reckless. Oldfield says he fully expected to lose money on the tour – 'I thought, "I'll only ever get one chance to do this"' – but even he was staggered when he and Virgin between them had to cover a loss of almost £½ million. It was to put Oldfield in dire financial straits for the next six months; indeed his working regimen was suddenly determined by an urgent need to clear his debts. Whereas *Incantations* had been recorded at Oldfield's leisure over a period of three years, he was now obliged to make two further albums – *Platinum* and *QE2* – inside 12 months, still finding time for two more tours – now with a mere handful of accompanists replacing the 50.

All this has led to a marked decline in the quality of Oldfield's work since *Incantations*. The extended 'concerto' format has now been discarded altogether. While works like *Tubular Bells* and *Ommadawn* were stamped with a sense of ambitious challenge, as well as painstaking craftsmanship, Oldfield appears to have lost his way and become content to knock out collections of tunes which are 'nice' in the most pejorative sense of the word.

Nonetheless, Oldfield admits that he is presently at something of a creative ebb, and that his openness to new influences after *Incantations* has cost him something in individuality. 'I've exhausted my need to explore contemporary pop music. I want to get back to the sort of music I used to make.'

He talks about the possibility of returning to the concerto format of his earlier work, and of writing a five minute 'mini-symphony' aimed at the charts. He consoles himself with the thought that Germany – the one country where *Tubular Bells* and successive records were not hits – has finally warmed to him: both *Platinum* and *QE2* have been enormous hits there. And then there is America, where *Tubular Bells* was a success but all else has sunk without trace. 'There must be an audience over there for my music,' says Oldfield. 'It's just a question of finding them. But I won't be heartbroken if I'm not successful over there. It's not a heartbreak if I'm not successful *here*. Just as long as I'm successful somewhere...'

– MICK BROWN

BLYTHE SPIRIT

Arthur Blythe is a big man. His also saxophone looks like a shiny new toy when he picks it up and sounds like it's met its master when he plays it. Sometimes Blythe leads a swinging quartet with a pianist, bassist, and drummer, a group he calls In The Tradition. Sometimes he leads a bizarre funk band that steams along in a dance groove, but then he uses tuba instead of bass and amplified cello as a second melody instrument. No matter who he's playing with, Blythe spins out sparkling streams of melody and punches hard at the beat with consummate authority. He was practically unknown back in 1974 when he left his native Los Angeles for New York City. Now, with three CBS albums under his belt, he's widely recognised as the contemporary colossus of the alto saxophone.

By 1974, when he arrived in Manhattan, Blythe was an accomplished musician with an approach that was all his own. He was 34, an advanced age for a jazz musician whose career is effectively just beginning, but he'd developed confidence and control during his years in Los Angeles. 'If I'd been in New York

Arthur Blythe and the horn of plenty

at an earlier age, I think I might have been bombarded with so many heavy dudes that I wouldn't have been able to pick my own direction,' he says. 'The pace was a little bit slower in California; it gave a person a chance to develop more at his own discretion, rather than being forced. In New York, you're under pressure; you've got to *hit it*.'

Blythe hit it. He was a family man, not a carefree young turk with a horn, so he took jobs that would pay the rent, principally as a sideman (and, almost immediately, a star soloist) with bands led by Chico Hamilton and Gil Evans. The conventional wisdom among younger jazz musicians was that a man should play his own music, no matter what the economic sacrifice, but by working in established bands Blythe played for fans who would never have heard him if he'd confined himself to the avant garde scene in Greenwich Village and Soho. He also took day jobs, including a stint as a watchman at a porno cinema. And he played, even if the job was in a loft and might attract only 10 or 20 people. The word began to spread. Here was a player with an awesome command of his horn, an original style that built on foundations laid down by Parker, Coltrane, and Eric Dolphy, and a natural lyricism capable of charming experienced jazz fans and neophytes alike.

Blythe made audacious albums for the India Navigation and Adelphi labels soon after he moved to New York. He was experimenting with unusual band instrumentation, trying, he said, 'to analyse the elements that were involved in the music from a historical point of view – the African elements, the European elements, and this thing we're doing here in America.' Thus Blythe's trio on the Adelphi album *Bush Baby* included conga drums (the African element) and tuba (European-American) in addition to his alto saxophone, and his group on *The Grip* and *Metamorphosis* (India Navigation) added trumpet, cello, and a drummer to this basic unit. But it was with the release of his first CBS album, *Lenox Avenue Breakdown* (1979), that Blythe came into his own. Using drums, percussion, bass, tuba, the advanced electric-guitar stylings of James 'Blood' Ulmer, and the remarkable virtuosity of the young flautist James Newton, the saxophonist fashioned a bright, colourful, hip-shaking new sound that was danceable but left room for serious jazz improvisations. Blythe feels the unusual instrumentation isn't that important. 'I think the music works mainly because of the players,' he says. 'The cats could've been playing pots and pans, anything, as long as they had the musical perceptiveness.'

As if to prove his point, Blythe next recorded an album of jazz standards and tradition-orientated originals with a more mainstream line-up of piano, bass, and drums. 'I try to adhere to some of the traditional aspects of various periods of the music,' he notes. 'My experience in various traditional idioms might be limited, but I hear those things in my head and relate to them when I'm doing what I do.' The music on his 1980 *In The Tradition* album reflected that orientation. Blythe played Duke Ellington, Fats Weller, and John Coltrane with a sumptuous tone and singing sense of melody; the performances gave listeners who'd considered him an avant-gardist plenty of food for thought. But *In The Tradition* was a careful, refined piece of work that lacked the fire of the saxophonist's live concerts. An album that captured his extraordinary range of styles *and* his unquenchable fire was the next order of business, and *Illusions* filled the bill.

In fact, *Illusions* (available on import) is the most impressive new jazz LP of the past year. On three tracks Blythe fronts his In The Tradition quartet, and he drives harder and plays hotter than on any of his previous recordings. On the other three tracks, the band includes drums, tuba, cello, and guitarist 'Blood' Ulmer, and the music shakes and finger-pops. All the tunes are Blythe originals, and they're an attractive bunch; several were recorded earlier, on *The Grip* and *Bush Baby*, but the new versions are definitive. Instead of editing himself, as he seemed to be doing on earlier albums, Blythe lets himself go, and while his solos aren't any longer, they're more satisfying for being both outgoing and handsomely constructed. This is modern jazz at its best, and proof positive, if anymore is needed, that Blythe is going to be one of the trendsetters of the 1980s. – ROBERT PALMER

FILMS

RUSSELL SPOUTS

Ken Russell's *Altered States* is the sort of film that might have been designed to puzzle its critics. Actually, I don't think it was designed as any one thing at all – it feels like the result of conflicting intentions. In its viewers, too, it raises conflicting, at times diametrically opposite, responses.

Altered States was written by Paddy Chayefsky, the writer who has come to specialise in turning social issues (television in *Network*, hospitals in *Hospital*) into drama. He writes well, he writes a lot – there is generally a lot of dialogue in a Chayefsky film – and, as I say, there is usually at the core of his work an intellectual or social debate in which the characters take or represent different sides. For *Altered States*, Chayefsky has as his topic the field of scientific research dealing with psychedelic drugs, sensory-deprivation techniques and general attempts to identify a chemical cause for madness. His hero, Eddie Jessup (William Hurt) is a Harvard scientist who becomes obsessed with the need to know The Truth. Not a truth, but The Truth, the ultimate solution to everything. He travels to South America, obtains hallucinogenic drugs from the Indians and, against the advice of his wife (Blair Brown) and colleagues (Bob Balaban and Charles Haid), embarks on a series of experiments to unlock the secrets of his own mind.

So far, so good. At this point, Chayefsky found himself working with director Ken Russell, not known for his interest in social dramas. By all accounts their collaboration was more like the Battle of the Giants and ended with Chayefsky essentially withdrawing from the project (the credits now read 'written for the screen by Sidney Aaron' from the novel by Chayefsky). The hapless viewer is left to sort out who did what. From

Truth-seeker William Hurt, from 'Altered States'

looking at the film, my guess would be Chayefsky wrote a plot about the validity or otherwise of what Jessup wanted to do. Was he right or were his colleagues right? And beyond this practical debate, a philosophical one – does The Ultimate Truth Jessup is searching for exist, and if so, in what terms? Or can truth only be approached through concrete (i.e. human) intermediaries, through the here and now as opposed to the where and when?

Some of this plot remains in the finished film but the plentiful dialogue which carries it is raced through at lightning speed, and the dramatic scenes cut to the bone. The rest of the film is Ken Russell. Russell, it seems to me, effectively shares Jessup's ambitions. From being a discussion of Jessup's experiments, the film turns to reproducing those experiments in long, visual passages containing just about every possible special effect; nebulae explode, visions of burning hell arise, organisms pulsate, space and time shrink, or try to. Remember all those 1960s films which had both an obligatory sex scene *and* an obligatory LSD trip? *Altered States* is Ken Russell's attempt to elevate the LSD scene to the level of art.

Or in other words, Pontius Pilate meets Timothy Leary. Chayefsky's 'What is truth?' meets Russell's 'Where is it and what does it look like?' Like *Close Encounters* or *2001*, *Altered States* sets out to be not so much a drama as an experience. The trouble is, outer space is easier to imagine than inner space. Russell does a bang-up job on the trip sequences, but, at the most solemn moments, there is still the nagging feeling that 'if you've seen one light show, you've seen them all'.

Such is not the case with the performances. This is a group of actors so idiosyncratic and refreshing you want to see more of them. I resented their disappearances from the screen, even when they were being turned into apemen or amoeba. Bill Hurt is being widely touted as 'the new star', but his role here is too much sweating and suffering to say for sure. As his colleagues, Bob Balaban and Charles Haid are actors who actually *look* like scientists, and probably sound like them too if you could hear what they were saying. Blair Brown is credible as Jessup's wife, a woman deeply in love with her husband and willing literally to go through hell to save him.

While Timothy Leary was freaking out all over the Sixties, another American folk-hero was spending as much time, and a great deal more money, avoiding the public eye. That was Howard Hughes in whom, like the Naked City, there appears to be a million stories, and *Melvin and Howard* is one of them. Crazy old Hughes is riding his motorbike in the Nevada desert outside Las Vegas. He falls off and knocks himself out. Time passes, and a young man pulls his pick-up truck off the road to take a leak. He stumbles on the injured Hughes, rescues him and gives him a lift into town.

This particular story ended up being told in court by the young man in question, Melvin Dummar. The court didn't believe him and rejected as a forgery the so-called 'Mormon Will' in which Hughes left Dummar one-sixteenth of his fortune, valued at 156 million dollars.

Director Jonathan Demme and writer Bo Goldman do believe Dummar, or at least they think it makes a good story. *Melvin and Howard* opens with that roadside encounter between Dummar (Paul le Mat) and Hughes (Jason Robards), but the first pleasant surprise the film gives us is that it's not about Hughes. It's about Dummar in whom, to a casual observer, there would seem to be no story at all.

Olivier and Diamond, in 'The Jazz Singer'

Ah, but wait. Dummar's life may not be dramatic but it is, in its goofy, hopeless way, utterly delightful. Dummar is one of life's losers who just won't lie down and die. He's always expecting to be a winner tomorrow. In fact, his only plans for making his fortune have strictly to do with losing and winning: he's an addict of TV game shows. His marriage to the lovely Lynda (Mary Steenburgen) is a madcap mismatch. They live in trailers and tract houses and get married for the second time in a Las Vegas marriage parlour with Hawaiian decor; and the only times the real world intrudes on them is when Lynda looks out of the window and sees the HP company repossessing Dummar's latest truck or boat. That happens pretty often, often enough for Lynda to leave Melvin and make her own life. Since she's almost as goofy as he is, she chooses to make it as an 'exotic dancer'.

Hapless Mr Dummar, in 'Melvin and Howard'

The quality of Melvin and Lynda is such that they transcend and transform the shoddiness of ther surroundings, the banality of their dreams, even the rapacity of the 'real', functioning people they meet or confront. Lynda doing a striptease act remains a total innocent – she's just proud and pleased at the applause and the wages. Melvin giving a lift to Howard Hughes gets the old skinflint to sing 'Bye, Bye Blackbird' and talks to him about the way the desert smells after the rain: he even lets him drive his truck. By the time Hughes, brilliantly played by Jason Robards, limps away into the Vegas dawn, you're by no means sure which man is truly the richer. As for the lawyers and journalists and solid citizens at the Mormon Will trial, they may be doing what's right but their realism comes across as cheap and cynical beside Dummar's happy-go-lucky approach to life.

In his American way, Dummar is like a Dickens' character. He may be a fool and irresponsible but he's generous, good and open-hearted. In everyday life, those

qualities don't count for much, they're low on the list of social virtues, but one of the functions of art has always been to redress that balance. The second nice surprise about *Melvin and Howard* is that its makers somehow share Dummar's attitude; they've got under his skin so that they see not just Dummar but the world around him in his terms. The sheer bad taste of American lower middle-class life is shown for what it also is – a form of fun, of playing, of bringing some colour into routine lives. Even the appalling TV game show has its human side. The host may be a showbiz hack, the audience may be told when to clap, but when Lynda gets up and does her inept routine – and wins – everyone is genuinely happy for her, and for themselves. The show may be a callous mechanism for big business to sell goods, but, almost despite its creators, the end result is that people have had a good time.

Perhaps this is just another way of saying *Melvin and Howard* isn't a satire. Even its portrait of Dummar is selective; it doesn't dwell on the problems his irresponsibility causes to others, let alone the issue of whether or not he faked the will. But in its affectionate way, *Melvin and Howard* rings dead true – maybe not the Ultimate Truth of Ken Russell, but *a* truth nonetheless.

Truth is the one thing lacking in *The Jazz Singer*. It has everything else – bravura performances, sumptuous production values, a thundering Neil Diamond score. But old-fashioned melodrama remains old-fashioned melodrama. On very late-night TV, in black and white and with the aid of a bottle of wine it just might make you cry. In glorious technicolour, 50 feet high, it's more likely to provoke a swift trip to the bathroom. Producer Jerry Lieder made some attempt to update the 1925 Broadway play which later became the first talking picture, starring Al Jolson. The blackface has gone, or rather appears as a witty homage – early in the film, Neil Diamond dons blackface and an Afro wig in order to help out three black mates with their nightclub act. In addition the writers (Herbert Baker and Stephen H. Foreman) have peppered the script with plenty of good jokes, mainly about being Jewish. But nothing can disguise the hackneyed plot. Young Jewish lad with traditional, domineering father grows up as a cantor in New York, but harbours secret ambition to become a pop singer. Eventually, amid much weeping and wailing and cries of 'you're breaking your old father's heart', he achieves his ambition. More weeping and wailing, more broken hearts, and father and son are reconciled. Son returns to the old synagogue on the hill (actually on New York's Lower East Side, but never mind) and sings the Yom Kippur service. Father, of course, attends son's climactic concert.

Despite the awful handicap of having to spend half the film in tears, Laurence Olivier turns in one of his better performances. And if that sounds snotty, remember he's done some camp work on film recently. He's powerful and believable here, almost too much so for the material. As the son, superstar Neil Diamond in his first acting role is adequate, although his presence naturally means that *The Jazz Singer*'s music is all Neil Diamond. Musically, the film is a one-man show. As the son's manager, then girlfriend, then wife, Lucie Arnaz is sensational: sexy, funny and warm and just tough enough.

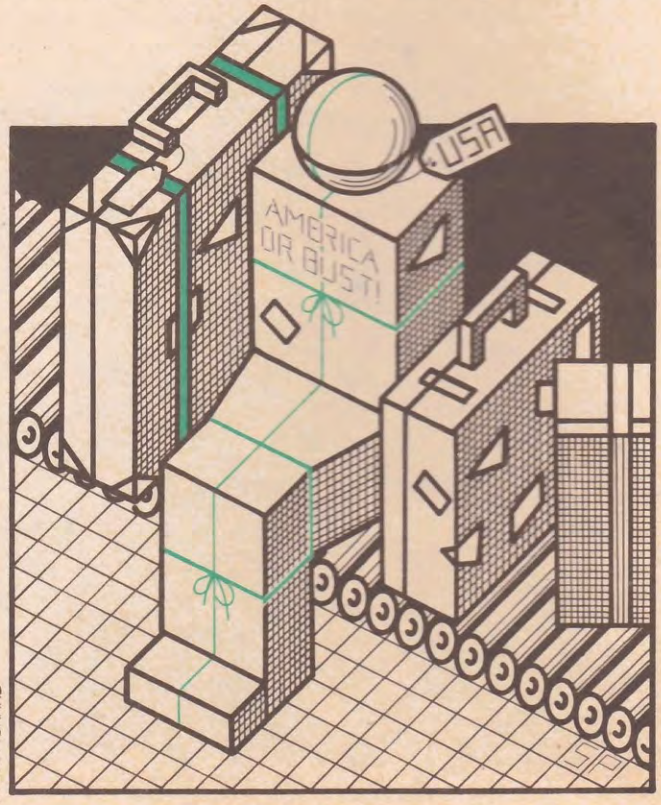
So with acceptable-to-splendid performances, glowing camerawork (by Isidore Mankofsky), solidly professional direction (by Richard Fleischer who took over the film from Sidney Furie) and plenty of Neil Diamond songs, what more do you want already maybe? I'd have settled for all those things in a different film. For all their jokes, *The Jazz Singer*'s writers and producer have been unable to avoid a series of scenes that are not only dreadfully melodramatic but painfully predictable. After the father disowns the son, Diamond goes into a recording studio and we know, we just know, he is going to snap at his back-up singers, shout at the studio musicians and storm out in a rage to 'find himself'. And when the son's first wife (Catlin Adams) arrives in Los Angeles, we know she's going to do so on the night of the son's first big break, that she'll creep backstage, confront the manager and would-be mistress (cleverly acted, using their eyes only, by Adams and Arnaz) and finally bow out of Diamond's life for ever. This version of *The Jazz Singer* is OK, but I can't wait for Morecambe and Wise to get their hands on it. – MIKE BYGRAVE

SCENES

ALIEN THOUGHTS

America. Land of opportunity. Home of the free. The last free capitalist society in the Western world. Well, is it? In many ways, yes. It is still a country where original ideas and hard work can bring their own reward. A place where practically anything goes, provided that you produce it at the right price and that you deliver it on time. To those of us wearied by the taxation and restrictions of a Thatcher-Friedman economy, America beckons as the Promised Land. The big problem for anyone thinking of folding their financial tent and slipping away from Britain forever is that America, in terms of settling there for any length of time, is probably the most exclusive club in the world.

The moment you step foot on American shores, you are an alien. Tourists and visiting businessmen aside, aliens are not welcome. You must have a visa to enter the United States. Tourist visas or business visas are reasonably straightforward permits to obtain, always provided that you do not have a criminal record, haven't got venereal disease or tuberculosis, have never been a member of the Communist Party, and are not entering the United States for immoral purposes. Once obtained, tourist or business visas will normally permit you to stay in America for up to six months at a time. But getting a visa that will allow you to live and work in America is almost as difficult as Arthur Scargill successfully applying for membership of White's; it isn't going to happen unless you fulfil the requirements, go about it in the right way and have the proper refer-



STEVE PICKARD

ences. There are, of course, good reasons for the long, hard look that America takes at prospective immigrants. Apart from anything else, literally millions of people around the world see emigrating to the States as the magic solution to their problems, be they financial, political, or the basic inability to obtain sufficient food to sustain life. And like Britain, not even America can afford to subsidise the world's unfortunates. If you stay in the United States without the proper visa you are, naturally enough, an *illegal* alien and there are an estimated 20 million of those there already. Which means that anyone seriously considering the possibilities of living and working in America should know exactly what is and what isn't possible in terms of becoming legally resident.

Frankly, the most effective – if not the cheapest – way of applying for a resident's visa is to hire an expert. I recently talked to Robert Fraade, an American lawyer in London whose brother, Richard, runs a sister office in Los Angeles. Amongst others, their offices have done a variety of visa work for personalities ranging from film director Roger Vadim to boxer Joe Bugner plus Bernie Taupin and Oscar Peterson. You don't have to be famous, however. All you need is a certain amount of money, from a few hundred pounds upwards, depending on how complicated – or not – your case may be for Fraade's assistance. In practice a substantial amount of his business comes from English companies wanting to settle employees for long but not necessarily permanent stints in American subsidiaries, or from entrepreneurs who see more scope for their business in America than in Britain.

Apart from an immediate relative who is a U.S. citizen the easiest way to obtain temporary or permanent residence, says Fraade, is to be amongst those professions or occupations for which there is currently a shortage of exponents in the States. These include trained nurses, computer specialists, tool and die operators. Anyone in these occupations could do a lot worse than consider the higher salaries, better standard of living, comparatively low cost housing and generally better weather available on the other side of the Atlantic.

However, American immigration laws are undoubtedly getting tougher. Only 290,000 permanent resident visas are issued by America annually *worldwide*. If you aren't able to transfer from a company in England to a subsidiary – or parent – company in America (a process that starts off with you being given a visa called an L1) then you need a labour certificate. This again is not easy to obtain. If the job you are after is in California, for example, it can take as long as eight months to obtain a labour certificate. And that, says Fraade, is just the beginning. A labour certificate says, basically, that there is a shortage of qualified American candidates for the position that you are applying for, and that the American workforce won't suffer as a result of your filling the post.

The plot thickens when you remember that you are dealing with three quite separate Federal agencies; the State Department (through overseas consular offices) the Immigration and Naturalisation Service, and the Department of Labour. It is the Department of Labour that issues the labour certificates and, special qualifications apart, it is the labour certificate that is the key to the door to immigration into America. It is not really, says Fraade reassuringly, as complicated as it sounds, but that's probably because he spends his whole time within this specialised area and is well-versed in picking his way through the technicalities. He cites an an example, the case of a well known British ballerina. She was, at the time, wishing to take up employment in the United States, having been a leading ballerina with London's Royal Ballet. She had danced all over the world, and had taught several leading ballet companies. But you can't get a 'green card' – American permanent residency visa – on the basis of being a performing artist, however well qualified. It then transpired that she was offered a job as ballet mistress with an eminent American ballet company, which qualified her, says Fraade, for a Schedule A Group 2 visa, on the basis that she was teaching, not dancing. She was well qualified as a teacher, but the more important aspect of this whole complicated situation is that, once an immigrant has a permanent resident visa he or she can take any job they wish. Thus, problem solved. – DAVID JONES.

Panasonic's RX-2700 gets its skates on

HIP HI-FI

A totally new generation of hip injuries is the end result of years of research by top Sony scientists. The latest miracle of miniaturisation enables you to inflict exquisite pain on anybody jostling too near you in the bus, at the races or even in the privacy of your own home. Japanese ingenuity even ensures that you need not suffer their screams of pain, because while you might grind your personalised cassette player into the small of an unsuspecting back, or casually lacerate a few fingers with a well timed twitch, you are floating in a world of high-fidelity, stereophonic bliss.

The Big Daddy of portable stereo cassette players is the **SONY TCS300 WALKMAN**. It is true of all these machines that tape hiss is audible, but like any constant background noise (traffic, clattering cutlery, boring relatives) the ear soon filters it out, allowing you to enjoy good quality stereo music through comfortable, lightweight headphones. The TCS300 scores over the competition by doubling as an invaluable business tool, because it also *records* in stereo through built-in mikes. Meetings, or interviews recorded in stereo are much easier to transcribe, or simply to listen back to for a hard-pressed journalist, because the spatial separation in a stereo recording makes recognition of individual voices easier.

The machine which launched the mini-music boom was the Sony Stowaway, now renamed the **TPS-L2 WALKMAN**. It came into being because Akio Morita, Sony's chairman, hated the low quality sound systems on intercontinental air flights, and asked the lads in the lab to whip up something better to wile away the hours of travelling. They did, and only subsequently realised that there was a huge potential market for Akio's new toy. It has no recording facility, but offers the same high quality sound reproduction as the TCS300.

A number of other machines are clearly based on the TPS-L2. **AIWA's TP-S30 POCKET DECK** is one example. The most compact of all the portables, it is more attractively styled than the Sony, has a built-in mono mike and optional accessories include a separate stereo mike (CM-30, £24.90) and/or connection cords (CW-110S) enabling live recordings or even recordings from external tape or record players. Recordings I made in this manner were unsatisfactory reproductions of the original sources.

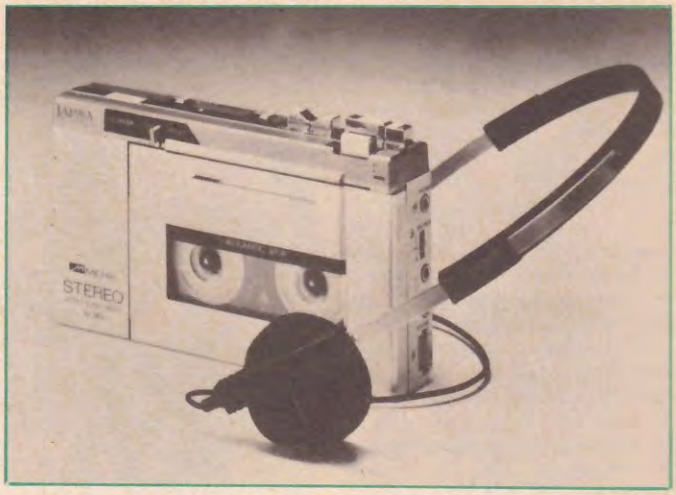
The **UNISEF STEREO-BOY** and the **BINATONE HIPFI** are cheap and cheerful copies of the TPS-L2. Both offer near identical functions, but sound quality is, as you might expect, not up to the standards of the up-market models. At the time of writing, they represent fair value for money, but as the summer wears on prices at the top end of the market are expected to tumble, making the differential less significant to the

discerning musicophile. Even once you've decided which machine you want, it is worthwhile shopping around, because prices vary considerably from those given by the makers.

The low price tag might also attract buyers to the **INGERSOLL XK105 SOUNDAROUND**. Some extra thought seems to have gone into the design of this model, making its controls clear and easily accessible. It is a little larger, but more satisfactory that the Unisef or the Binatone.

Two machines offering something extra are the **TOSHIBA KT-S2 PLAYTIME STEREO** and the **PANASONIC RX-2700**. Both incorporate FM stereo radio along with the familiar cassette functions, but what looks initially like an ingenious piece of technology in the Toshiba ultimately fails to impress. Toshiba's FM radio is shaped like a standard cassette tape, and is inserted into the KT-S2 exactly as you would insert a cassette. Neat. Curiously, the idea came from one of many Japanese fanzines, devoted to the new stereo portables, in which enthusiasts suggest improvements and discuss every aspect of owning such machines. Tuning it is however not easy, especially on the move, and because FM reception depends largely on signal direction you can lose the station in an aggravating mush of white noise simply by turning your head.

The **PANASONIC RX-2700** however, offers not only *built-in* FM Stereo radio with a wider wave band than the Toshiba, but also throws in an AM radio section for good measure, giving a much wider range of stations. Although AM programmes are broadcast in mono, they are less prone to the directional problems of FM. The Panasonic also has a built-in mono mike, an extendable aerial and is generally very easy to use. It boasts the most comfortable headphones I've tried, and sound quality rivals the Sony. If it had an integral stereo mike it would be unbeatable. It is slightly heavier than the others, and more expensive, but if quality, reliability and a wide range of features are what you want, this approaches perfection.



Aiwa's little wonder, the TP-S30

SANYO, HANIMEX and **PIONEER** will all soon be in the race, making this the fastest growing sector of the hi-fi market, and at the moment, only the size of cassettes limits the size of portables. When sound quality on micro-cassette tapes approaches that of standard cassettes the machines could shrink to the dimensions of pocket calculators.

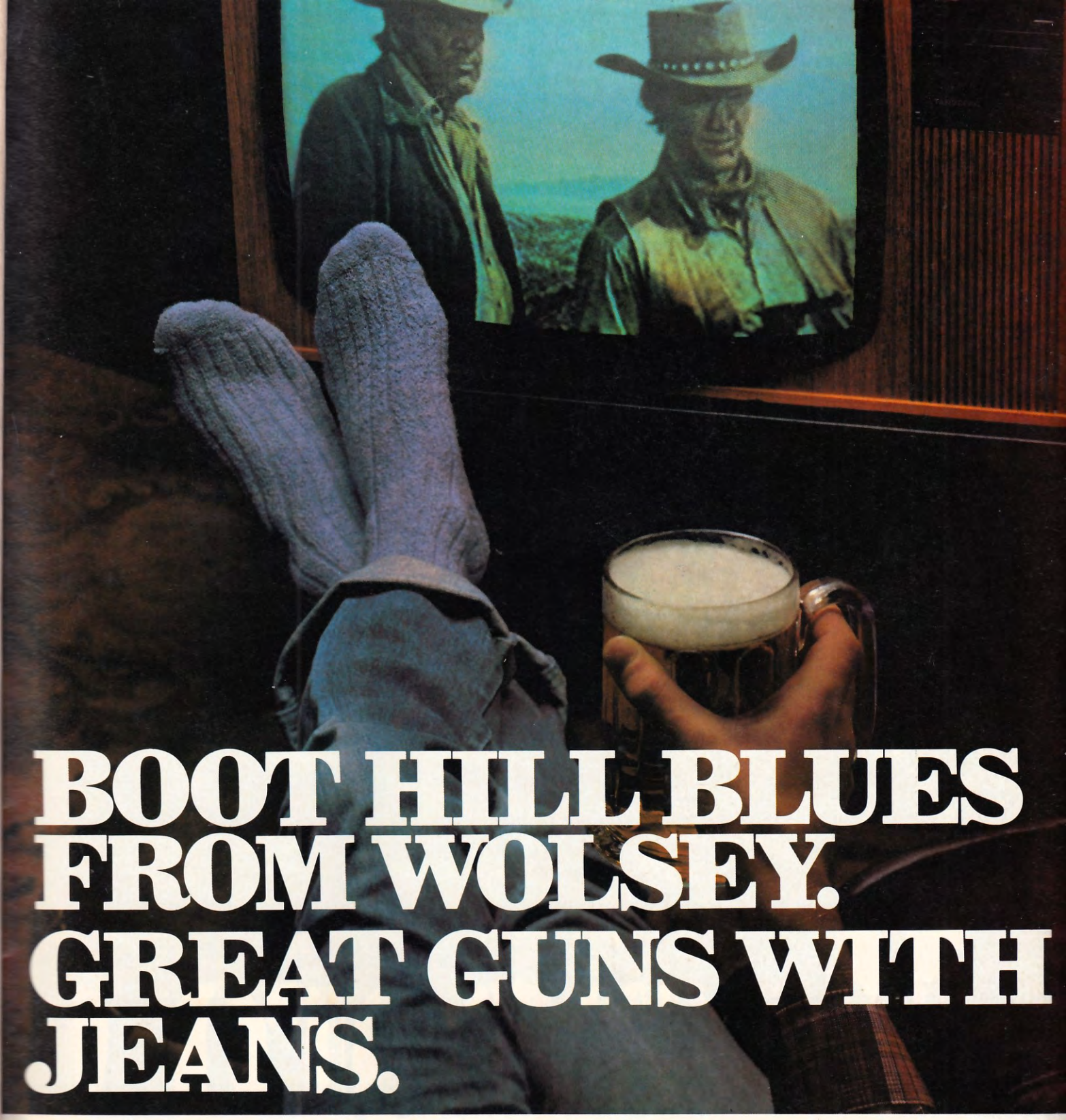
All of the new portables are understandably heavy on batteries, averaging about four hours of tape playback before distortions become apparent.

A completely different approach to personalised stereo is the **BONE-FONE** (£34.95). Claiming to operate via bone conduction of sound generated from two smallish speakers enclosed in a tube of Spandex worn like a scarf, I found the sound quality did not compare with the more conventional headphone systems. Tuning is even more clumsy than on the Toshiba, and subject to similar problems of vanishing FM signals. The bone-conduction effect did little to enhance my listening pleasure, although at its low price, backed up by advertising muscle in the colour supplements, it might sell well. It has a certain crankiness which might appeal to lovers of Heath Robinson designs.

The new technology is also of potential interest to the partially deaf. Hearing is a partly physical and partly mental process, so music lovers with reduced hearing in one ear will generally experience a stereo image when listening on headphones. In simple terms, even in the deafest of ears, there is usually a vestigial trace of hearing. The brain takes information from a listener's good ear and distributes it so that it appears to resonate in both ears. It is not true stereo, but it is a fuller sound than can be achieved by other means.

One last word. Once you're strapped into your chosen machine, remember to use your eyes. You can damage not only the machine, but also other people simply by slumping carelessly down into a seat, or by pushing your way through a crowded street. You get the beat, they get the bumps. Bear it in mind. – JOHNNY BLACK

MODEL	Recording Facility	Talk Line	Radio	Headphone Inputs	Headphone Rating	Tape Counter	Weight	Size	Mains	Battery Indicator	Price
SONY WALKMAN TCS-300	Built-in stereo mikes	No	No	2	10	Yes	610g	175 x 95 x 45	6v	Yes	£115.00
SONY WALKMAN TPS-L2	No	Yes	No	2	10	No	390g	133 x 88 x 29	3v	Yes	£100.00
PANASONIC RX2700	Built-in mono mike	No	Built-in FM/AM	1	10	Yes	700g	190 x 95 x 31	6v	Yes	£133.50
TOSHIBA KT-S2	No	Yes	Clip-in FM	1	8	No	445g	155 x 88 x 32	6v	Yes	£117.95
AIWA TP-S30	Built-in mono mike	No	No	1	9	Yes	365g	140 x 81 x 27	3v	No	£109.90
BINATONE HIPFI	No	Yes	No	2	7	No	370g	132 x 89 x 29	4.5v	No	£59.95
UNISEF STEREO BOY	No	Yes	No	2	6	No	375g	135 x 90 x 30	4.5v	No	£65.90
INGERSOLL XK105	No	Yes	No	2	7	No	450g	145 x 130 x 35	6v	No	£59.95



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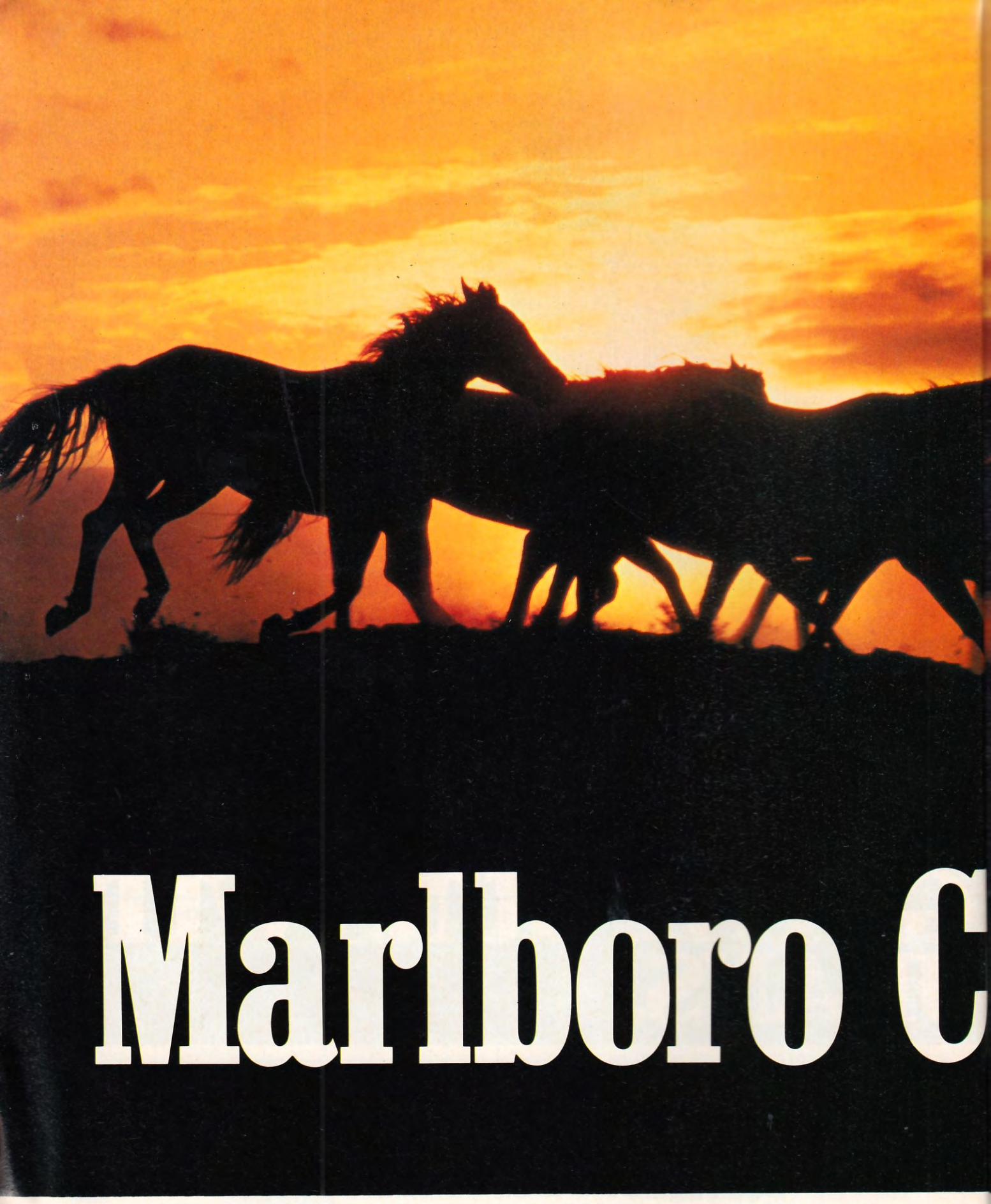

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THE POLITICS OF CANCER

Millions of cancer victims have died while the most bitter controversy in medical history raged over the wrong drug.

LAETRILE–THE DRUG THAT NEVER WAS

Laetrile – the most controversial drug in the history of cancer research – has actually not existed until recently. That is the staggering claim of a young Israeli cancer researcher, Dr. David Rubin, and his colleagues at the Israeli Medical Research Foundation. After examining the original 25-year-old Laetrile patents, the Israelis realised that no one had ever created a usable quantity of the drug. They say they have now done this.

In theory Laetrile should be a very successful agent against cancer. But in reality the drug that has been called Laetrile and has been at the centre of the controversy is actually amygdalin, a natural substance that is chemically related to Laetrile. In fact, the American National Cancer Institute is currently conducting widely publicised tests of the false Laetrile, amygdalin, tests that Rubin says are 'a waste of time.'

It has been widely assumed by both the public and most medical investigators that amygdalin and Laetrile are the same – 'a misconception that for more than two decades,' Dr. Rubin states, 'has delayed the development of what may be some of the most significant anti-cancer substances yet conceived.' He adds: 'Both orthodoxy and unorthodoxy must share the blame for this tragedy.'

The original creators of Laetrile, Dr. Rubin contends, were unable to realise 'what they were brilliant enough to conceive on paper.' And then, unwilling to abandon an ingenious idea, they 'substituted an inferior one and called it Laetrile.' Orthodox investigators, 'privy in the early days to what had been described in the patent, were also culpable,' Rubin charges, 'because they did not pursue what was an excellent idea but instead satisfied themselves with ceaseless efforts to attack the false Laetrile, efforts which continue to the present day.'

The American National Cancer Institute is presently presiding over the first officially sanctioned human trials of amygdalin, with the stated objective of settling the 'Laetrile controversy' once and for all. 'The NCI is flogging a dead horse,' Rubin says. 'Amygdalin may be effective as a general palliative agent in cancer, but for the real cancer killer they should look to the true Laetrile.'

That Laetrile has in fact now been synthesised and is showing remarkable promise in initial testing will provide scant comfort to the families of the millions of people who died of cancer over the better part of the last three decades – since Laetrile was first described and almost immediately denounced. Indeed, the promise of the new substance, to be examined later in this article, makes only more painfully evident the enormous cost of cancer politics and demands a re-examination of the circumstances that banished the real Laetrile for more than 25 years.

The controversy all began with Ernst T. Krebs, Jr., a colourful, girthful gentleman who had a number of eccentric ideas and a certain but peculiar

BY DAVID RORVIK

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY ROLAND MINNAERT

genius. Building on the work of his late father, Ernst T. Krebs, Sr., M.D., and others, 'Junior' claimed in the early 1950s to have synthesised a beta-glucuronic analogue of amygdalin. The structure and many of the properties of amygdalin had been known since the 1830s. Amygdalin is a cyanogenetic glycoside that occurs naturally in the seeds of apricots, peaches, plums, and apples and in a number of grasses; it is one of a family of cyanide-containing substances collectively referred to as nitrilosides.

The substance Krebs claimed to have made, however, differed from ordinary amygdalin in one crucial respect. In order to understand the pronounced significance of that difference, one must understand this: beginning in the 1940s it was recognised that most cancers contain levels of an enzyme called beta-glucuronidase many times higher that those of normal tissue. Krebs was one of the first to recognise that a cell killer (like cyanide, for example) linked to a glucuronide could provide an elegant and deadly means of attacking cancer more selectively than anyone had ever thought possible. More selectively because the much higher concentrations of beta-glucuronidase in cancer would 'cleave' or unlock the lethal cyanide *inside* the cancer cells while leaving most of it safely locked up in normal cells, where the unlocking enzyme was absent or at relatively low levels.

Amygdalin was tantalisingly close to what was required to take advantage of that remarkable discovery of the 1940s, a discovery that has been enlarged upon over the years so that it is now certain that roughly 80 per cent of all cancers contain those selectively high levels of beta-glucuronidase. The anti-cancer weapon Krebs brilliantly envisioned was almost like an armed missile: the cyanide was the warhead; the glucuronide was the carrier, the missile that would deliver it. Once it reached its cancer target, the enzyme within the cancer itself would trigger the 'explosion' within each cancer cell. Everything connected. It seemed too good *not* to be true. Amygdalin itself would not do, however, because it is a glycoside (which can be unlocked only by another enzyme, which does *not* exist in selectively higher concentrations in cancer cells).

The glucuronic analogue of amygdalin Krebs described in his patent, however would do quite nicely. Indeed, the advantages of such an approach to attacking cancer, over that employed by the so-called proven chemotherapies, are dramatically evident in theory: the standard chemotherapies are cycle-dependent, damaging cells with high multiplication rates that, unfortunately, include many normal cells, particularly those involved in our vital immune-response mechanisms as well as cancer cells. This shortcoming would not apply to the Krebs' substance, which does not have to depend upon cell-cycle vulnerabilities for its effectiveness.

Before proceeding any further, it should be pointed out that the only thing 'proven' about most of the standard chemotherapies is that they are woefully deficient in fighting cancer. Yet many of them are still in wide use today, and the great advance presaged by the substance Krebs described, patented, and called Laetrile nearly 30 years ago has never been realised. What happened?

What happened is that Krebs was unable to make the substance his patent described. Through some fancy semantical footwork, however, he retained the name Laetrile and simply applied it to amygdalin, a substance that, in any event, nestled more comfortably into his general philosophy than did the synthetic glucuronide that he had originally described. Amygdalin is a 'natural' substance – the God-given 'extrinsic factor' Krebs had been seeking – available in numerous seeds (some of which the Bible recommends). It was this extrinsic factor, Krebs said, that would help defend us against cancer whenever our 'intrinsic' defences were momentarily overwhelmed. Since amygdalin is a naturally occurring substance, Krebs eventually saw fit to confer upon it the mantle of 'vitamin,' calling it Vitamin B-17.

Rather than give up his original idea and let someone else have a crack at it, Krebs subverted it and was thus obliged to try to make amygdalin fit into the original theory. This he has tried to do through a series of unconvincing ad hoc proposals over the years that have had the unfortunate effect of further obscuring the real Laetrile, visiting more discredit upon Krebs himself, making it easier for his detractors to ignore him.

So much for Krebs's arrogance. What about the establishment figures who 'investigated' Laetrile, particularly those who looked at it in the 1950s, before too much dust had gathered? Even with the confusion Krebs engendered, shouldn't these 'experts' have seen through to the potential value of the substance described in the Krebs patent?

Up until the 1970s, when cancer authorities assured an inquiring public that 'we've tested Laetrile and found it worthless,' most could cite but one 'study' to back them up. This was the antiquated report of the Cancer Commission of the California Medical Association ('The Treatment of Cancer with Laetriles,' *California Medicine*, April 1953). It was republished, under a new title, in 1963, apparently to make it seem more timely in the new attack on Laetrile at that point. A careful study of this influential report makes it evident that the authors were opposed to Laetrile from the outset, no

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Specialized Equipment Ltd, 341 Wellington Rd. Nth.
SUNDERLAND. Auto Save, 11 Windsor Terrace, G'town.
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VIRGINIA WATER. Wentworth Car Radio, 409 Stroud Rd.
WATFORD. Auto Sound Services, 80 Queens Rd.
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WEYBRIDGE. Thames Car Radio, Westfield New Haw.
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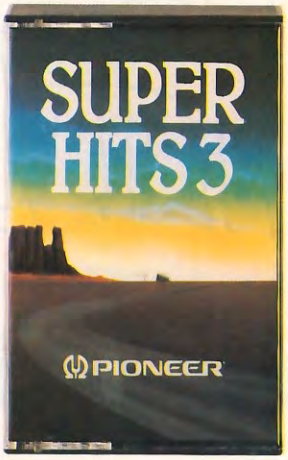

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Pioneer House, The Ridgeway, Iver, Buckinghamshire.
Telephone: Iver (0753) 652222. Telex: 847533.

doubt convinced that it had to be worthless, since it was the product of an independent tinkerer not even possessing an M.D. degree. They *did* note that the substance offered them was amygdalin and not the glucuronic analogue described in the patent. No matter, they blithely pronounced, the analogue would have been too toxic to be tested on humans, in any event, a conclusion that was utterly unsupported either by experience or by theory.

Whatever the case, they did not have to deal seriously with Laetrile, because Krebs was now offering the world amygdalin, a substance that had no theoretical anti-cancer underpinnings and one that the authors of this report were eager to denounce lest anyone be diverted by it from radiation, surgery, or the other 'proven' therapies. It seems evident from an analysis of this study that amygdalin probably did not turn in any stunning results, though certainly it was not adequately tested to justify any definitive dismissal. Every promising effect that did turn up was systematically discounted. The palliative (pain-killing, appetite-restorative) effects that were frequently noted by the doctors who participated in the study were all dismissed by the authors of the report as 'subjective' and unworthy of follow-up. Similarly, they asserted that 'in no instance could any recognisable effect of a chemotherapeutic agent be observed in the histology of these various neoplasms.' This was a witting lie, for when the raw data were perhaps unwittingly affixed to the 1963 reissue of the report, there was evidence that some of the six pathologists, who had also participated in the study, had discerned *possible* amygdalin-related chemotherapeutic effects, for instance, that 'haemorrhagic necrosis of tumor is extensive... An interpretation of chemotherapeutic effect might be entertained,' and so on.

Given the fact that the two principal authors of this report were two of the leading cancer researchers of their day, it is even more appalling that they indulged in these multiple dishonesties and, in the process purposely or ignorantly overlooked the potential value of the glucuronides. One of these men was Dr. Ian MacDonald, an internationally famed cancer surgeon, the other was Dr. Henry Garland, a well-known radiologist. Both were often in the news in the 1950s for their tireless effort to discredit the data that were beginning at that time to link tobacco with lung cancer.

It was the report of these two 'eminent' and 'respected' physicians that, as much as anything else Krebs did, helped to bury the ingenious idea contained in the Laetrile patent. Drs. Garland and MacDonald set the tone for all those other 'responsible' investigators who came along later. Krebs had no proper medical credentials and must therefore be a quack; Laetrile was nothing other than amygdalin, which had been around for decades and had nothing new to offer; it was important to convince the public that Laetrile was worthless lest cancer victims waste valuable time with it.

Meanwhile the Krebs' forces did nothing to call attention to Laetrile's origins. They were now fully committed to amygdalin-as-Laetrile. Soon the 'freedom of choice' hysteria swept the nation, with the John Birchers and other hyper-organised types moving in to declare that the sick and dying should be able to use apricot pits or any other goddamned thing they pleased without interference from the 'cancer cartel and its servant, the FDA, regardless of whether apricot pits et al were worth anything or not. Given the hopelessness of so many cancer cases, this line of reasoning was often difficult to dispute. But as the movement to legalise amygdalin emerged triumphant in state after state in the US, Laetrile, which so far had existed only on paper, got hopelessly lost.

All might have been lost had it not been for the fact that the mother of a young Israeli cancer researcher was dying of her malignancies in 1976. Dr. David Rubin, a graduate of Hebrew University and Hadassah Medical School in Jerusalem, watched hopelessly as all of the standard therapies failed for his mother. When there was nothing left, he decided that he had nothing to lose by flying to Mexico to investigate for himself 'the notorious substance' that had been so much in the news for so long. After some weeks there he was astonished to discover that the drug seemed to confer significant subjective benefits even upon more advanced terminal patients. He noted the persistent pain-relieving effects, restoration of appetite in some cases, and so on. These effects – not to be confused with tumor-reducing effects, which he observed to be in short supply or non-existent over the long run – induced him to begin a more intensive investigation. It ultimately led him with the help of Andrew McNaughton and the McNaughton Foundation, to the original Krebs' patent. By this time, Dr. Rubin was convinced that amygdalin was no cancer killer; still, it had properties that fascinated him. It seemed like a good idea that had somehow gone wrong. The patent added to his conviction that he knew precisely where it had gone wrong. There it was right before him – the instructions for making a glucuronic analogue of amygdalin.

His hopes sank, however, as he followed those instructions. They didn't work. He tried a number of approaches that also failed and then hit upon a method for *bio*-synthesising the substance, which was itself an ingenious development.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

'Let's put it this way – if there was an Assholes' Liberation Front, you'd be head of the provisional wing.'

New

John Player Special King Size

JPS51P

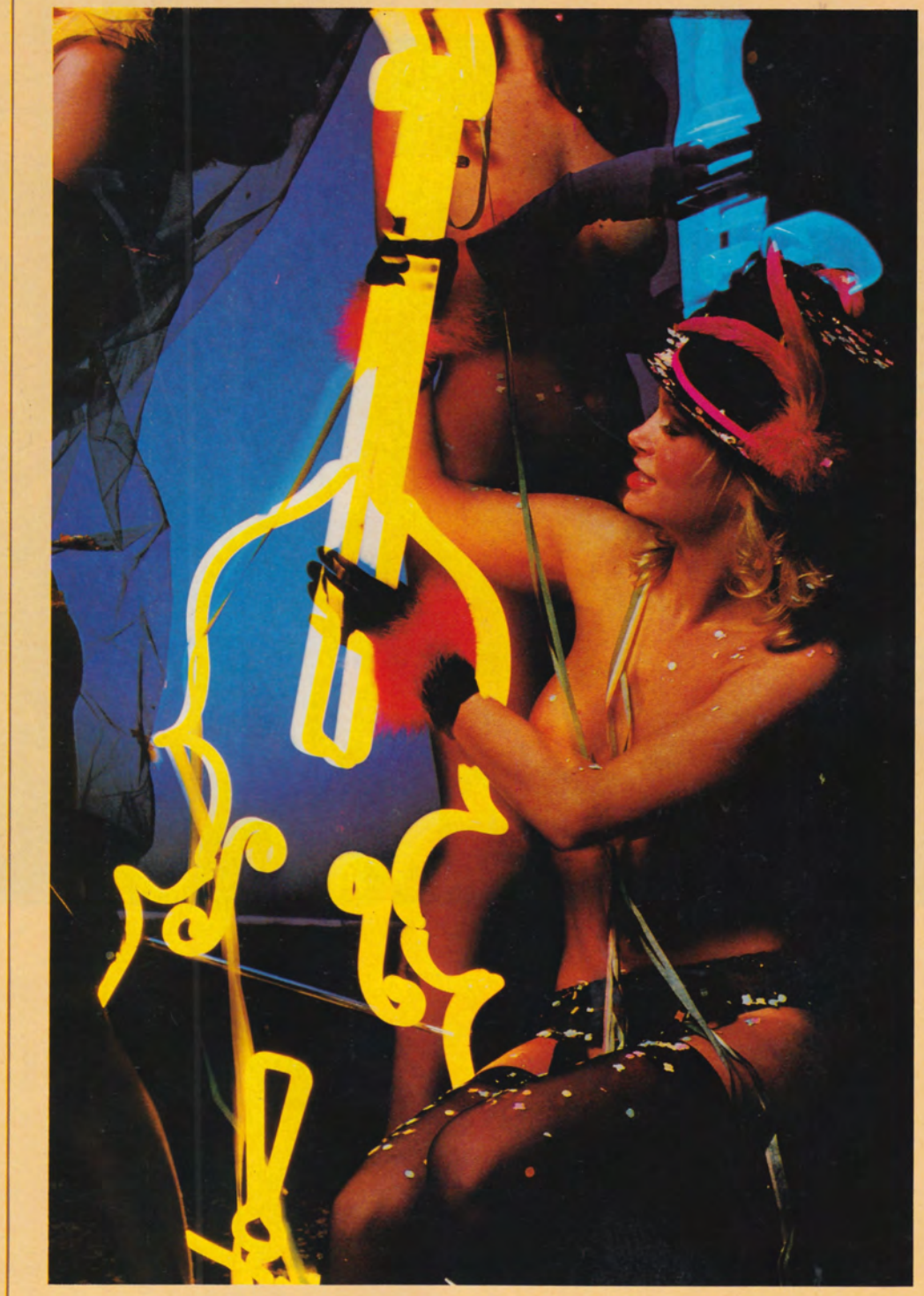
The tar yield of this brand is designed to be MIDDLE TAR Manufacturer's estimate, January 1980, of group as defined in H.M. Government Tables

DANGER: H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

THE GIRLS IN THE BAND

When they sing the blues they're really in the pink, or so the girls in this electric light band proclaim. They haven't a care in the world, nor do they worry much about what to wear while performing. 'Costumes are for kids!' maintains one of our musical maids, and, after all, only practice makes perfect. The blues sisters know how to carry a tune – and, more important, how to light up a man's life. 'It's true our fans are mostly men,' their leader allows. 'I guess they just have a better sense of rhythm...'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UWE OMMER



'As you can see by our equipment,'
gestures one, 'we
prefer to travel *light!* Neon music's
switched on... the
electric wave of the future...
Listen, but listen with
organs other than ears!'

Dewy perspiration honey-
glazes the skin of
our incandescent players; they
quiver in the
limelight, glowing under the
crowd's mounting
excitement. No jam session's
ever been sweeter,
as this much-attended,
undressed rehearsal reveals.
In the cool neon dawn
of their fantasies, handsome
groupies scream
for oldies but goodies – unseen
audiences rise
like a pounding man-tide,
groping phantoms
reach the stage and like
summer moths
are ignited by the very fires that
tempted them.

'Little girl blue, come blow your horn,' urges the band's lead singer. 'With a lip like mine,' she says, grinning, 'and a practiced tongue, I always feel like playing.' Some music-lovin' men claim, however, they can never get enough.

WIN A BMW 323i CABRIOLET OR A BMW R100RS MOTORCYCLE!

This month, and for the next two issues, Penthouse offers you the chance to win £16,000 worth of peerless BMW products, in a free, easy-to-enter competition.

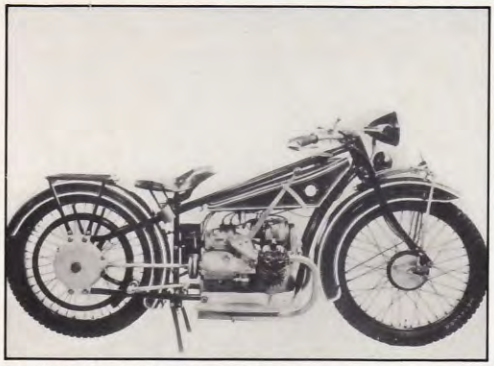
FIRST PRIZE: BMW 323i CABRIOLET PLUS SPORTS PACK, RETAIL VALUE £11,250
SECOND PRIZE: R100RS MOTORCYCLE PLUS LEATHERS, RETAIL VALUE £3,725
RUNNERS-UP PRIZES: 25 BMW HEAD LIGHTWEIGHT JACKETS, RETAIL VALUE £45 each.
TOTAL PRIZE VALUE: £16,000

For over half a century, BMW have been renowned for the impeccable quality of their cars and motorcycles, and we are proud to offer Penthouse readers this unique and exciting opportunity to win the open-top 323i Cabriolet and the ultimate motorcycle, the BMW R100RS. And for the runners-up, there are exclusive BMW lightweight jackets made by Head.

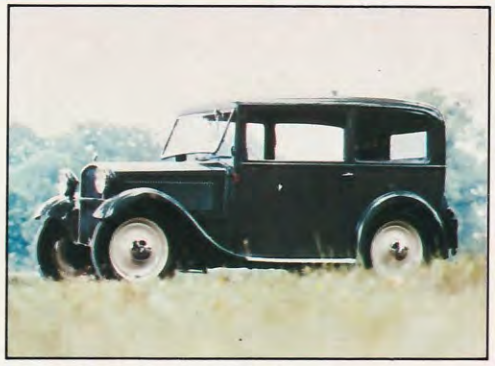
To enter the competition, complete the three sections on the opposite page, and post your answers to BMW Competition, Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, London W14 9PB. Entries to reach us no later than 10th July 1981.

SECTION 1.

With each of these four photographs, place a tick in the box next to the date you consider to be the right year for each car/bike.



BMW R32 MOTORCYCLE
1903 ☐ 1913 ☐ 1923 ☐



BMW AM4 LIMOUSINE
1932 ☐ 1942 ☐ 1952 ☐

BMW 335 CABRIOLET
1929 ☐ 1939 ☐ 1949 ☐

BMW 507
1945 ☐ 1955 ☐ 1965 ☐

SECTION 2.

Place numerically in order of priority the following features of the 323i Cabriolet:

Stylish design and good looks ☐
125 mph top speed, with acceleration from 0-60 mph in 8.3 seconds ☐
A carefully developed body shell for maximum safety ☐
Unique roof with four configurations ☐
All-round independent suspension for outstanding handling ☐
Twin circuit power brakes for optimum braking ☐

SECTION 3.

Imagine you are a copywriter for BMW. Compose a new advertising slogan for the BMW 323i Cabriolet.

_____

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CLOSING DATE: 10th JULY 1981

Return your entry to Penthouse Publications, 2 Bramber Road, London W14 9PB. Closing date for this competition is 10th July 1981. Mark your envelope BMW Competition. *Do not forget to include your name and address and age.*

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

_____ **AGE**_____

NAME AND ADDRESS OF NEWSAGENT_____

_____

RULES

1. This contest is open to residents of the UK over the age of 18, except for employees and/or agents of Penthouse Publications Ltd, BMW (GB) Ltd and any of their subsidiary companies and anyone connected with the organisation of this competition and their families.
2. The first prize will be a BMW 323i Cabriolet and sports pack, retail value £11,250. The second prize will be a BMW R100RS motorcycle plus leathers, retail value £3,725. The 25 runner-up prizes will be BMW jackets each worth £45. They will be awarded to those entrants who, in the opinion of the judges, have answered the questions most correctly and written the most apt and original slogan.
3. No cash alternative will be awarded.
4. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence can be entered into.
5. Proof of posting is not accepted as proof of receipt. No responsibility will be accepted for lost, damaged or delayed entries. Mutilated, illegible or late entries will be disqualified.
6. The winners will be notified by post. The names of the winners and details of the winning entries will be available on request to those sending an SAE to Penthouse Publications, 2 Bramber Road, London W14 9PB.
7. All entries will be the copyright of Penthouse and BMW and none will be returned.
8. Photographs of the prize winners receiving their prizes may be used in the press, and the right is reserved to make public the identity of the winners.
9. It is a condition of entry that competitors agree to be bound by the rules.

Every business has its back door. In Hollywood that means B films, where careers usually end. But sometimes an actress has a special quality that comes through the celluloid schlock that surrounds her performance. She becomes a queen of the screen, a cult star. She is

BAD AND BEAUTIFUL

BY MICHAEL GOODWIN

Exploitation films – the back door to Hollywood. Low budgets, lurid titles, unknown actors, all the tits, arse, and violence an AA rating will allow. Major studios don't take them seriously, critics make fun of them, agents think exploitation credits are worse than no credits at all, they're shot fast, cheap, and sloppy. But they're also where the action is, the closest thing to an 'underground' in Hollywood, a secret cinema where young writer/directors work with imagination instead of money.

They are today's B films, the last bastion of vitality in the American film industry. Films like *The She Gods of Shark Reef, Sister of Satan, Werewolves on Wheels, Women in Cages, Truck Stop Women, The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Death Race 2000, Grand Theft Auto* and *Frankencar*. The titles promise sex, violence, novelty, action. Hollywood films have always promised these things, and audiences have always paid for them. The difference between big-time, big-budget Hollywood films and exploitation pictures is that exploitation pictures deliver.

They are not hard-core pornography. Exploitation pictures are aimed at a mass audience, and an X rating limits the market. Sex is still the hook, but audiences (mostly young and working class) don't want fuck films. So the films are shot 'hard AA' – allowing lots of nudity and sexy newspaper ads but still permitting showings in mainstream cinemas.

One thing that makes exploitation films of special interest is that the best of them are based on shared fantasies. Crafted like dreams, they overflow with perverse sexuality, surreal violence, absurd comedy, and wave after wave of emotion. They spring, in large part, from the collective unconscious, and they reflect true American mythology.

Women catch the worst of it; most exploitation films resemble a sexual *Perils of Pauline*. Rape is ambient, sex is common coin, and hitchhiking women get hands up their skirts every time. Cops sit in their squad cars, reading *Beaver* magazine, and their response to female speeders is 'I'm gonna get me some poontang!' Women's blouses, dresses, and underwear are ripped off at the slightest provocation. If there's a vampire in the neighbourhood, he won't bite a woman until he rips her blouse off.

Perhaps in direct response, the women in exploitation films frequently kick right back. Sexual assault on men, by women, is not unheard of; in fact, there's a scene in *The Big Bird Cage* in which a female prisoner pulls a knife on a guard and orders, 'Get it up, or I'll cut it off!' Before a fight a black woman hides double-edge razor blades in her natural. Another woman delays a man who's about to kill her by offering him a fast fuck and then stabs him in the eye with a hairpin. There's even a film, *The Velvet Vampire*, about a sexy female vampire who bites men.

Most of the women who appear in exploitation films are bad actresses with big tits, but once in a very long time another kind of woman appears. Not only is she beautiful, not only is she a decent actress, but also she has the power to enter into the dream and bend it to her

Queen of the B's, Martine Beswicke (left): 'A good girl doesn't take her clothes off?'

PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL MILLER

own measure. Sometimes she can do it only once. Now and then she walks into street mythology. Very rarely she becomes a B Queen.

These women who can transform dreams and give them back are high priestesses of a sort, holy female prostitutes, whose intricate masks reflect sex as we truly see it, power as we fear and desire it, terror, passion, death forever. And also love. They work closer to witchcraft than they know, and they pay a high price for their art. It's tricky living other people's dreams. Ask Marilyn.

I wanted to write about four high priestesses, but one of them, Pam Grier, wouldn't talk to me – or so her agent said. Word has it that she's moving up-market. A shame. She's Kali, the dark Indian goddess of death, if only she knew it. Also, I think she holds the record for getting her clothes torn off the most times in a single film.

Here are three Queens of the B's, three male dreams.

MARTINE BESWICKE: QUEEN OF EVIL

In a hot tub, back-lit with red spots under a cold, black sky, a nude couple are kissing passionately. But the water is *very* hot, and the girl (long, blonde hair, lovely breasts) keeps popping out of the water to sit on the edge of the tub, steam rising from her skin into the night air. Inspired, her partner tongues in between her steaming thighs, his fingers teasing her nipples. She moans happily, arching her back.

'This is getting better,' notes the second-unit director, waving his cameraman in for a close-up. 'Let's bring in some more couples.'

Around the pool-side, gorgeous young women dressed variously in high heels, ankle chains, skin-tight pants, and pyjama tops start taking off all their clothes. One of them, a cool blonde, shrugs reluctantly out of a fur jacket, revealing stiff nipples. 'How is it?' she asks anyone.

'I'm freezing my tits off,' answers a naked girl swimmer from mid-pool, but nude couples slide into the blue, back-lit water anyway.

Meanwhile, back in the hot tub, the guy is on the edge of the tub, and his lady friend has her head between his legs. The guy glances sideways at the camera crew, busily reloading the hand-held camera. 'If all you people would go away, I could be having *fun*,' he says with a grin.

Inside the house Martine Beswicke keeps her back to the aquatic orgy just outside the large picture window. Her raven-black hair is cut in a shaggy mane that just kisses her shoulders. Her face is exquisite, with big, brown eyes, an upturned nose, and a smile as dazzling as direct sunlight. She's between scenes, dressed casually in fur coat, striped socks, and shiny, silver sandals – and she's ten times sexier, fully dressed and in her late thirties, than the naughtiest nymphet in the pool.

Finally she has to look. Not ten feet from the window, two busty young women are going at it, all tongues and thighs and heavy breathing. 'Oh, *God*, I don't fucking *believe* this,' mutters Martine in a low-pitched, Bette Davis drawl, heavy on the italics and with a hint of a British accent. '*This* isn't our movie. They're running numbers on me again. We're supposed to be making a light, sexy comedy, and they're trying to turn it into a *porno* flick! They keep asking for more sex. I even *gave* them a climax that wasn't in the script. God, at one point they wanted me to go up to some guy and grab his balls! That's *crass*.'

Sure, this is *The Happy Hooker Goes Hollywood*, and yes, Martine signed up to star as Xaviera Hollander, and no, it's not as if she never did a sexy film before or never took off her clothes in front of a camera. But she signed up for an AA, not an X, and even though she doesn't mind playing a hooker, she's beginning to think that some people are treating her like one. And she's no starlet; she's a Bond Girl, a Hammer Woman, the Queen of Evil in a whip and a fur bikini. She's a star.

> They keep asking for more sex. I even gave them a climax that wasn't in the script.

Do you remember two underdressed gypsy girls who staged a wrestling match in *From Russia With Love?* One of them was Martine, a 22-year-old model, fresh out of Jamaica, in her first film role. She went on to play a lusty Bahamian agent in *Thunderball* and Raquel Welch's rival cavegirl in Hammer Films' *One Million Years B.C.* But it wasn't until 1967, when she starred in *Prehistoric Women*, that her true screen persona emerged.

Originally titled 'Slave Girls of the White Rhinoceros,' *Prehistoric Women* is, by Martine's own admission, probably the silliest film ever made. ('We giggled a lot on the set,' she recalls.) At the time Hammer's stock in trade was tits, bums, and subliminal S&M – plus Christopher Lee for the Dracula flicks – but they pulled out all the stops for *Prehistoric Women*.

'A Kingdom of Women Where Men Are Chained and Tortured as Slaves!' sniggered the catch line on the posters, and that's pretty close. The film involves a white hunter who finds himself in a mysterious jungle populated by tough, decorative brunettes who keep men and beautiful blonde girls in sexual slavery. It's completely terrible except for Martine. She plays the luscious brunette queen, vamping her way through the film in a fur bikini and a bone head-dress, snapping her whip, and fondling every phallic object in sight.

She has the hots for the hunter, of course, but he turns her down because she's been mean to his blonde sweetie; so she locks him in a cave. But when Blondie begs him to play along with Martine so he can spy for the revolution, he returns meekly to the queen's chamber, where he finds her in a prehistoric bubble bath, heaping suds over her breasts, looking as sweet as a sugar lump.

'On my terms?' she demands imperiously.

'Yes,' he murmurs.

'You will run my household? Look after my clothing? Mix my perfume?'

'Yes.'

'Fetch me my robe!' she orders. He turns slowly. 'Why do you hesitate?' she snarls. 'Every command must be obeyed at once.' He gets the robe, and she slips it one. 'Come!' she snaps and pulls him. He falls onto the bed. Fade out.

If she had never made another film, Martine's legend could probably stand on that scene alone – but it doesn't have to. In 1972 she made *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde* for Hammer, a stylish, sexually ambiguous horror film that secured her place in the B-queen pantheon forever. It's a good gimmick: instead of turning into the brutish Mr. Hyde, nice Dr. Jekyll finds himself transformed into a lovely, sexually demanding woman – Martine. The film's sexual electricity springs from the fact that Jekyll (who doesn't care that much about ladies anyway) *adores* being a girl and will do anything, even kill, to keep from changing back.

There are several sizzling transformation scenes in which Martine dances before a mirror, gazing raptly at her bare breasts and hugging herself in ecstasy, but the best scene comes later on, when Professor Robertson invites Sister Hyde to his chambers to impart grave suspicions.

'Your brother –' he begins.

'Forget him,' breathes Sis over a glass of brandy.

'I can't. You've heard of the Whitechapel murders?' Behind him, Sis unbuttons her bodice and lets her dress slip to the floor. The professor, unaware, pushes on. 'I am convinced that your

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

Blown away by the beauty
of delectable Pet of the Month
Delfina
Ponti, her fans' roars of
approval should echo off the
glittering slopes she adorns
below.
'My ski instructor
claims my looks are dazzling
enough to make
anyone go snow-blind if they
stare at me too long.'
Delfina says

DELFINA

BLINDED BY THE LIGHT

I guess that's why he wears tinted goggles when he's giving me lessons outdoors. *Indoors*, though. I get him to take his goggles off by reminding him that girls don't make passes at men who wear glasses!' Our fetching 34-24-34-inch bewitcher was born in Krakow, Poland. 'My mother was Polish, and my father was Italian,' she explains. 'Naturally Dad was the boss, so we've lived in Rome since I was a child.'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CEDOMIR V. KOMLJENOVIC

'Right now, I'm at college, studying drama,' she adds. 'My favourite performer is Olivia Newton-John, and someday I'd like to become just as famous in Italy,' she confesses. 'I inherited a dramatic streak from my father and a lot of drive and perseverance from my mother. So I think I'm well equipped for the challenge.'

'But after I had my first broken heart, last year,' she confides, 'I became a little more humble. I realised that having good looks is simply a matter of luck, and so is having a love affair with a happy ending.

In a fetching fit of whimsy our aspiring actress demonstrates her talents in another medium. 'I could go on stage as a two-faced woman,' she teases, 'though I wonder which face will get the most attention!'

Our 19-year-old nimbly touches on her drawing. 'Well, it's not exactly the Mona Lisa, is it?' she asks. This is true, but like that da Vinci masterpiece, those eyes seem to follow us around the room!

Though Delfina loves swimming, dancing, and socialising, there are also times when 'I just want to curl up in a corner and be alone with my thoughts...' We empathise, but of all her many ambitions, this one may be the hardest to attain: a heart-stopping stunner like Delfina will *never* curl up alone for long.

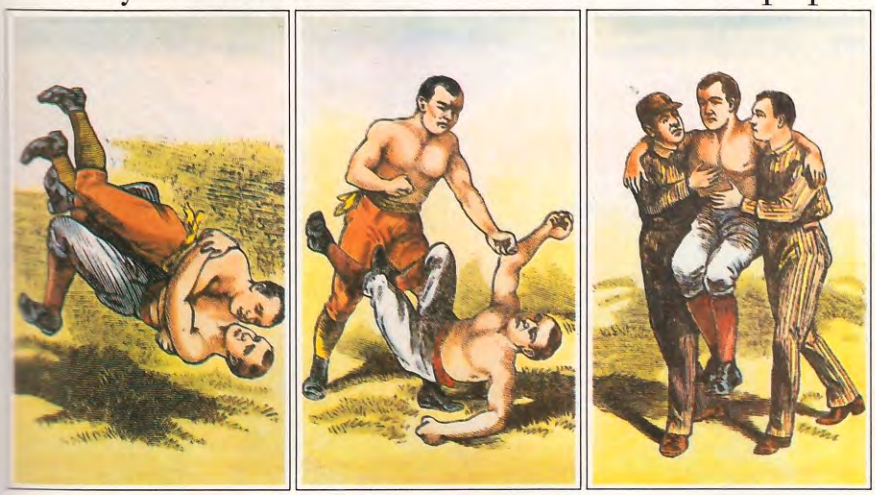
MISS DELFINA PONTI/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Before Southern Comfort much the same. Rough and

, drinking and boxing were dangerous.

In the early days, boxing or prize fighting as it was then known, was a rough and hazardous occupation.

Especially when a bare-knuckle contest, fought in the open and ankle-deep in mud, could last as long as fifty or sixty rounds.



The biggest dangers occurred when boxers and spectators sought a glass or two of refreshment to revive their flagging spirits.

Because the taste of most of the liquor around at that time started out like a strangle-hold on the throat and ended up like a head-butt to the stomach.

It was not until a certain New Orleans gentleman invented a drink called Southern Comfort that things started to look up for boxers and spectators alike.

The recipe he devised ran to more than 100 pages. Southern Comfort was the essence of smoothness.

It had a rich amber glow and a flavour of quite indescribable subtlety

Could it have been mere coincidence that as Southern Comfort's popularity grew in New Orleans, boxing took on a more sophisticated and civilised stance?

In 1892, at the Pelican Club New Orleans saw the first fight for a world championship in which gloves were used under Marquis of Queensberry rules.

For the next few decades boxing became the favourite sport of gentlemen. And Southern Comfort their favourite drink.

The new rules didn't guarantee that your favourite boxer wouldn't be laid out by a blow to the solar plexus

But you could be sure that a glass of Southern Comfort, blended with ice and soda, wouldn't do the same to you

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION

1220 North Price Road, St. Louis, Missouri

WELL DONE
WILCOX

As long as everything was done in good taste, like 'Hogan's Heroes,' who could possibly object?

The Adolf Hitler Fast Food Franchise

FICTION BY NICK TOSCHES

Salvation Weaver had seen it all. That was what men said. 'Now, take Sal Weaver,' they said. 'There's a man that's seen it all.' It was also well known that Salvation Weaver always left paper money beneath his saucer when he walked.

He rapped thrice upon the table and closed his eyes.

'Gen'lemen,' he said, 'we are fucked.'

Harry Cudd sighed. The $7,000 that he had invested had been money he rightly owed to the Ulysses S. Grant Memorial Nursing Home. This meant that Mama Cudd would soon again be residing with him, sucking her teeth and endlessly demanding that he play euchre with her for owesies. His wife, Iona, who loved Mama Cudd less than he, had been led to believe that the nursing-home bill was paid.

Junior Riley sighed. The $5,000 that he had invested had not even been his to begin with. He had borrowed it, at ten per cent compounded monthly, from his nephew Hezekiah, who sold drugs to college students in Champaign.

Prof. Parker Leach sighed. He had invested no money, but he had given a full six months of his life to the undertaking. Night after night he had sat at his typewriter, working and reworking, tightening and strengthening the prose that eventually became *Jesus on Wall Street: Playing the Market to Win – the New Testament Way!* Now the fruit of his labour would not even see the light of publication.

Like all the other mail-order schemes that these four men, who composed

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

the legally chartered Mammonco Corporation, had been involved in over the past seven years, *Jesus on Wall Street* had been Salvation Weaver's idea. Twenty thousand dollars' worth of advertising in *TV Guide* and the *National Enquirer*, he had figured, would sell at least 50,000 copies of the book. At the price of $9.95 each, this would bring in $497,500. One hundred thousand dollars of this money would then be spent in printing the book; another $15,000 would be spent on packing and postage. This would leave them, the Mammonco Corporation, with a net profit of $362,500. But this scheme had failed and failed miserably.

'It was a good book, Professor,' Salvation said consolingly. 'I guess I just didn't see, didn't wanna see, that folks had turned their backs on Jesus. It's a hard thing to accept, but I think the bottom line is that these days the Lord couldn't sell a two-dollar whore to a drunken sailor.'

The men sipped their coffee, which had become cold, and pondered their futures, which had become bleak. After minutes of silence, Salvation spoke again.

'I know what you boys are goin' through. It hurts me to see it. I made us rich once, and I'm goin' to make us rich again. So help me, God, I will.'

Then Salvation Weaver told them how he had been driving past the Sonic Drive-in on Sycamore the other night and how he had been struck by an idea and how it was the best idea that he had ever had in his life.

At first they thought he had lost his mind, and they even raised their voices against him in angry consternation. Little by little they became quiet. They began to grin and to nod their heads, and soon they were discussing this new idea with a growing excitement.

'But maybe we shouldn't do it here,' Junior Riley said.

'Why?' Harry Cudd said. 'Ain't no bagel-snappers here in Cairo.'

'We got coloured,' Junior Riley retorted.

'That ain't the same,' Harry Cudd said.

'All of you, be quiet now,' said Salvation Weaver. 'We aren't goin' to rile nobody with this thing.'

'I hear you,' Junior declared. 'Sorta like that, uh – now, what the hell was the name of that thing?'

'"Hogan's Heroes,"' the Professor said.

'We can get that fellow from the show to do radio spots for us,' suggested Junior.

'No, he's dead,' the Professor said. 'He was a homosexual.'

'No, not him,' said Junior. 'The other one. That fat old boy, that –'

'Sergeant Schultz,' said the Professor. 'He's dead, too.'

'He wasn't no queer.'

'I know he wasn't. But he's dead all the same,' said the Professor.

'Well, there's always that bald guy,' offered Harry.

'Gen'lemen!' declared Salvation Weaver, calling an end to his companions' digression. 'Gen'lemen! Are we agreed, then?'

They were agreed, and each of them swore to raise $15,000 by the end of the month. Salvation Weaver placed two crisp singles beneath his saucer, and the Mammonco Corporation rose and left the Nu-Diner.

Salvation Weaver knew that his wife, Louise, had something shaking on the side, but he could not for the life of him figure out who the sonofabitch was. Now, sitting in his living room, glancing through last week's *Barron's* and sipping a bourbon-and-Coke, he wondered where Louise had gone. A little before nine, she came through the door.

'Where the hell you been?'

He firmly believed that all evil women were eventually betrayed by their underwear.

'Madine's Magic Touch,' she said, displaying her new curls.

'Sheeit,' he muttered, pretending to return his attention to the newspaper in his hands. Louise began to undress in front of him, and he peered at her. He firmly believed that all evil women were eventually betrayed by their own underwear. On several occasions he had seen that the gusset of her panties bore the stains of intense excitement, when she supposedly had been occupied with nothing more exciting than shopping or having her hair done. 'How come these britches are all gunked-up?' he would say, confronting her with the panties in question. But she would always foil him with talk of discharges and spotting and other unpleasantries.

He watched Louise remove her bra and touch her fingers to her breasts. He loved those breasts. He had married those breasts. They were as beautiful as her mind was plain. For five long years, he had provided for those breasts, and he had been faithful to them. He could not bear the thought of another man's hands caressing them.

He pulled her to him, and he put his mouth to her. His penis stirred in his britches like a waking lizard. Louise descended to her knees and withdrew the fat, familiar inches from his fly. She opened her mouth to them, and Salvation grasped her curls and listened to the sound of her benign slurping, which affected him like that of distant breakers.

Louise leaned back, reclining on the pile carpet. She spread her legs as wide as she could, and she told Salvation that she wanted him to come inside her. He crouched over her, kissing her breasts as he pushed into her, feeling her become wetter and warmer. He watched her face wax febrile beneath him, and he moved harder and harder within her. Suddenly he withdrew, and she moaned in vague confusion. She came apart in blissful ravishment beneath him, and he, in his way, within her.

'Have you been whorin' around on me, Louise?'

'Oh, Sally,' she sighed, sounding almost insulted and almost flattered. 'There ain't nobody but you.'

Salvation smiled and said nothing. He lit a cigarette and recommenced wondering just who in the hell that sonofabitch was.

Meanwhile, across town, Junior Riley was beseeching his nephew Hezekiah for a second loan.

'Fifteen thousand dollars is a lot of money,' Hezekiah said.

'I'll cut you in,' pleaded Junior.

'I don't wanna be cut into any pie you and that Weaver fool might be bakin'.'

They went on like this, back and forth, for many minutes, until finally Hezekiah told his uncle. 'Look, I don't have the cash. But you help me get it, and I'll let you hold onto it for a while, at ten per cent.'

Four days later Junior Riley headed north on Highway 57, destined for Canada. Within the backseat upholstery of his Pinto were 75,000 capsules of Preludin, some sort of drug that he had never even heard of. As he drove, he tried to envision the hopheads with whom he was to rendezvous in Toronto, and all of a sudden it hit him – *free sex* – and he commenced to sing. *'Just a gigolo, and ever'where I go, people they stop and stare...'*

Iona Cudd was sitting by the window when the Ulysses S. Grant Memorial Nursing Home van pulled up. Her jaw dropped as she saw the two white-uniformed Negroes slide open the door of the van and haul out a wheelchair containing her mother-in-law.

'Harry!' Iona screamed. 'They cancelled yo' mama for non-payment! I refuse to live for one second under the same roof as that wretched creature!'

Iona was packed and gone within the hour, informing Harry that he would hear from her lawyer. In a way, Harry was

WHITE HORSE
Fine Old
Scotch Whisky

relieved, for now he would not have to explain that he was mortgaging the house.

When the Professor stopped off at the Rex Package Store, he parked his pick-up truck a good distance away, in the obscuring night-time shadows of an ancient chiquapin tree. After he returned to the pick-up, he took a long drink from the pint of Heaven Hill that he had just bought and then drove toward the river, saying not a word to the sweet young thing who sat beside him.

'Why do you think I brought you here, Lucille?'

'To fornicate, of course.'

The Professor touched his hand to her knee and then slowly raised her skirt, baring her rife pink flank. Her panties were embroidered with the name of a weekday, and he touched them. He inserted two fingers into her and then lifted those fingers to her mouth. He pulled her legs up, toward him, and he hunched over her, unzipping himself.

'Put it in, dear,' the Professor said.

She took hold of him with both hands and led him to the wet warmth that was the centre of her being, and he pierced it and began to pound his hips upon her.

'What sort of birth control do you use?' he panted.

She did not immediately respond but instead raised her face to his heaving breast and darted her tongue against his nipples; then, as he loosed himself within her ruby youth, she answered, 'Prayer.'

Iona Cudd lay abed naked, watching the sudden rain cascade against the window of her room at the Cairo Motel. She barely felt the fingers that dallied warmly upon the lea of her abdomen.

'I've left him for good,' she said.

Her thighs parted, and the fingers entered her. She closed her eyes, and her breathing became pronounced as the fingers within her massaged the rugae of her cunt and then, withdrawing, fondled perfectly the tender tumescence that pulsed faintly beneath the cowl of her vulva.

'Let's go away,' Iona pleaded. 'Chicago, New York – far away from Cairo.'

But the tyranny of those fingers silenced her, made her belly rise and her legs become as taut as murderous moments.

'But, Iona, I'm just not ready to leave Salvation, I'm just not,' said Louise Weaver, kissing the forehead of her lover.

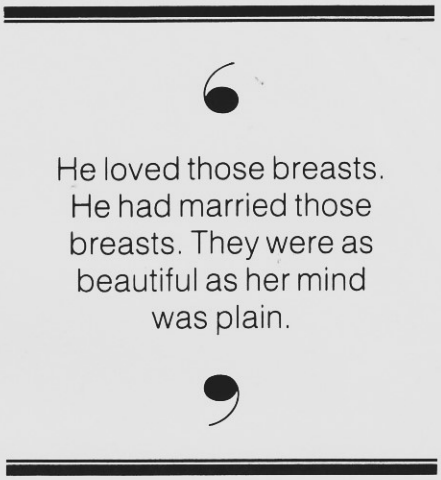
It was one in the morning when the Professor reached Sedalia. Nearing the farm of Ezra Bruton, the most renowned trainer of pit-dogs in Kentucky, perhaps in the entire South, he shut his headlights and rolled slowly down the winding dirt road that led to the wooded clearing where Bruton's most vicious and unconquerable bull terriers were sequestered in a long, low cinder-block kennel.

Breaking the padlock shackle with bar shears, he entered the kennel, carrying with one hand a Ray-O-Vac lantern and clutching with the other a Palmer CO_2 pistol.

Stepping from one cage to the next, the Professor methodically fired a mixture of Ketlamine and Xylazine into each of the beasts.

By two o'clock he had delivered the unconscious pit-dogs to Mound City, to the man with the money. On his way back to Cairo, he finished the Heaven Hill, hearing the sound of that word over and over again within his mind: 'Prayer.'

On the first morning of December, as the Hecate wind howled coldly through the streets of downtown Cairo, Salvation Weaver and his cohorts, each of them bearing the sum of $15,000, and the tale of how he had acquired it, met at the Nu-Diner. Thence they strode down Washington Avenue to the First National Bank and Trust Company, where the



$60,000 was duly deposited in the account of the Mammonco Corporation. Using this $60,000 for credence and Salvation Weaver's house for collateral, the Mammonco Corporation succeeded in borrowing another $60,000 from the bank.

Construction began in late January. Winter passed, and spring broke. Then, at dawn on the day after Easter, the four men stood on Poplar Avenue, looking across the clean, black expanse of a freshly tarred parking lot – *their* parking lot – and beholding in proud exultation the gleaming edifice.

The structure, with its cream-coloured stucco brick facing, arched plate-glass windows, and pitched aluminium-shingled eaves, resembled the Berghof, the Führer's quaint Bavarian retreat, a picture of which Salvation Weaver had found and torn from a book in the Cairo Public Library. Across the top of the facade, large Gothic letters of red plastic spelled the word SCHICKLGRUBER'S. Perched atop the *G* was a magnificent imperial eagle, also wrought in plastic, clutching a hamburger in its talons.

The decor of the restaurant was that of a rustic German inn. (Unfortunately, no book in the Cairo library offered a glimpse of the Berghof's interior.) The wood-panelled walls were adorned with prints of the Führer's Viennese water colours, strategic air maps of Europe, and World War II propaganda posters of every sort. Above the plastic menu board was a large portrait, executed in oil by a local cartoonist, of Maria Anna Schicklgruber, the Führer's paternal grandmother. The menu that her stern, maternal visage oversaw featured the usual fast-food items but under a variety of novel names: Blitz-Burgers, Waffen-Wieners, Fokker-Fries, Schickl-Shakes. Background music was supplied by a cassette tape-loop that included selections ranging from Wagner's 'Liebestod' to Jerry Fielding's 'Theme from "Hogan's Heroes."'

The citizens of Cairo came forth in curiosity and in hunger. A few – very few – of these citizens expressed their distaste and quickly departed Schicklgruber's without spending a cent. Another few, composed of elderly Bundists and their offspring, seemed to be overcome with nostalgic delight. But most of Cairo's citizens accepted Schicklgruber's with plain and purblind enthusiasm.

'I think we've done it, gen'lemen,' grinned Salvation Weaver toward the close of that fine April day.

When the four men arrived at the restaurant the next morning, they were met by a camera crew from the nearest television station, WSIL in Harrisburg. A woman with a microphone and a colourless accent began to ask questions.

'We wanted somethin' differ'nt, somethin' with a little pizzazz,' Salvation told her. 'We decided to go with the Nazi motif.'

'What has the community reaction been like?' the woman asked.

'Oh, the folks love it, especially the kids. I don't think there's any doubt about it.'

Salvation was sitting home alone that night, examining his wife's inner britches for evidence and wondering where in the hell she was, when he heard the colourless voice of the woman with the microphone. He turned and saw himself on television, and he smiled. But after only a few seconds it became obvious that the television people had cut up what he had said, and that they were making a fool out of him. When he heard that lady's voice say that Schicklgruber's was a bad thing, he slapped the television shut and began to drink. He was still drinking four hours later when Louise finally came home.

'I'm in love with Iona Cudd,' she said.

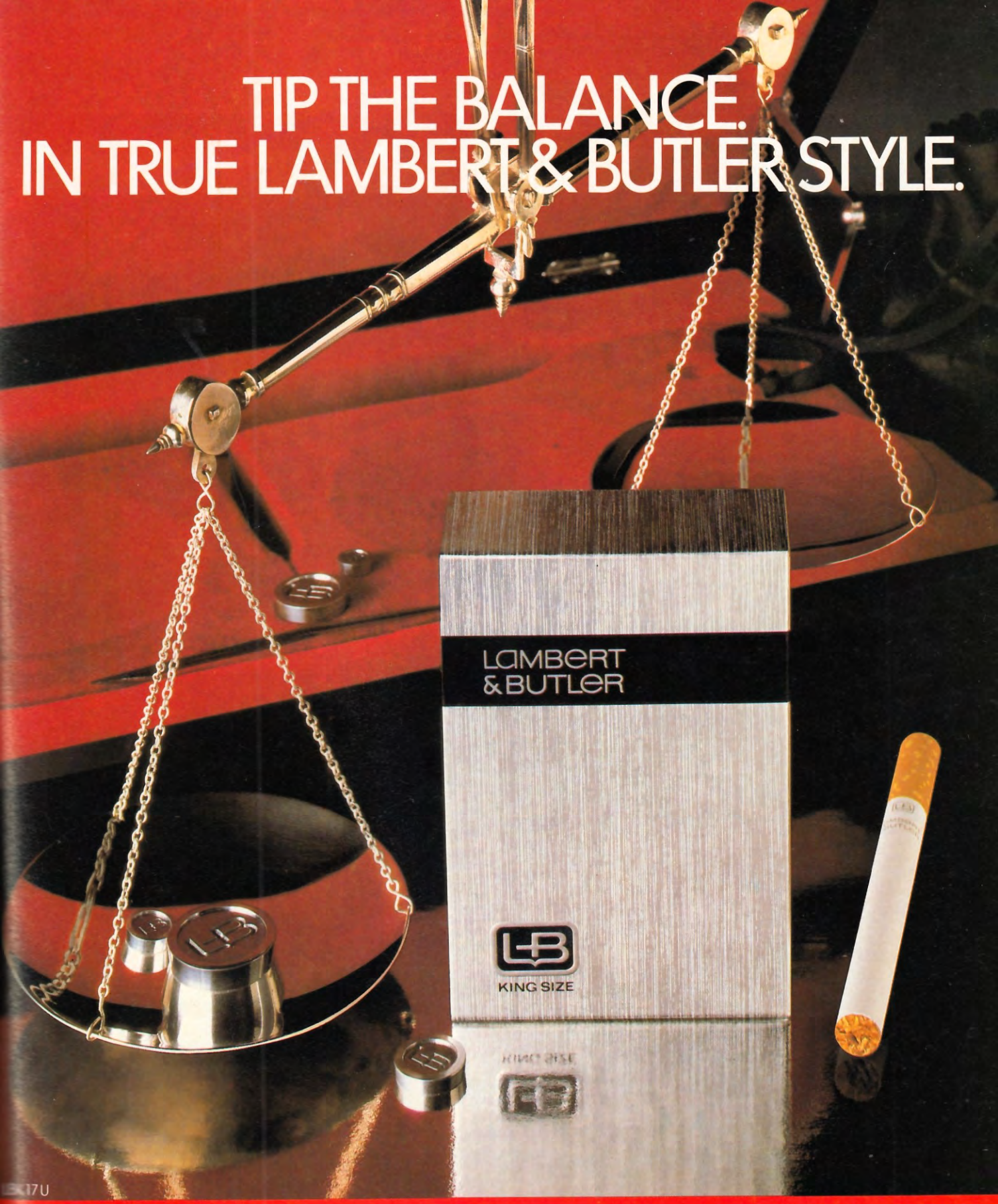
Salvation said nothing.

'Iona says that me and her are married in the eyes of God, and that if you stick yourself in me, I'm committin' adultery.'

He said nothing.

'She wants me to move to the country

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



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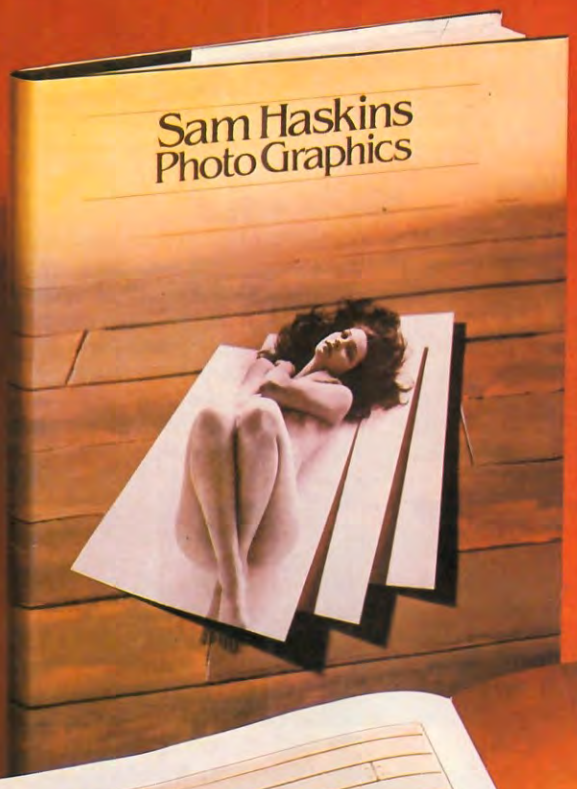

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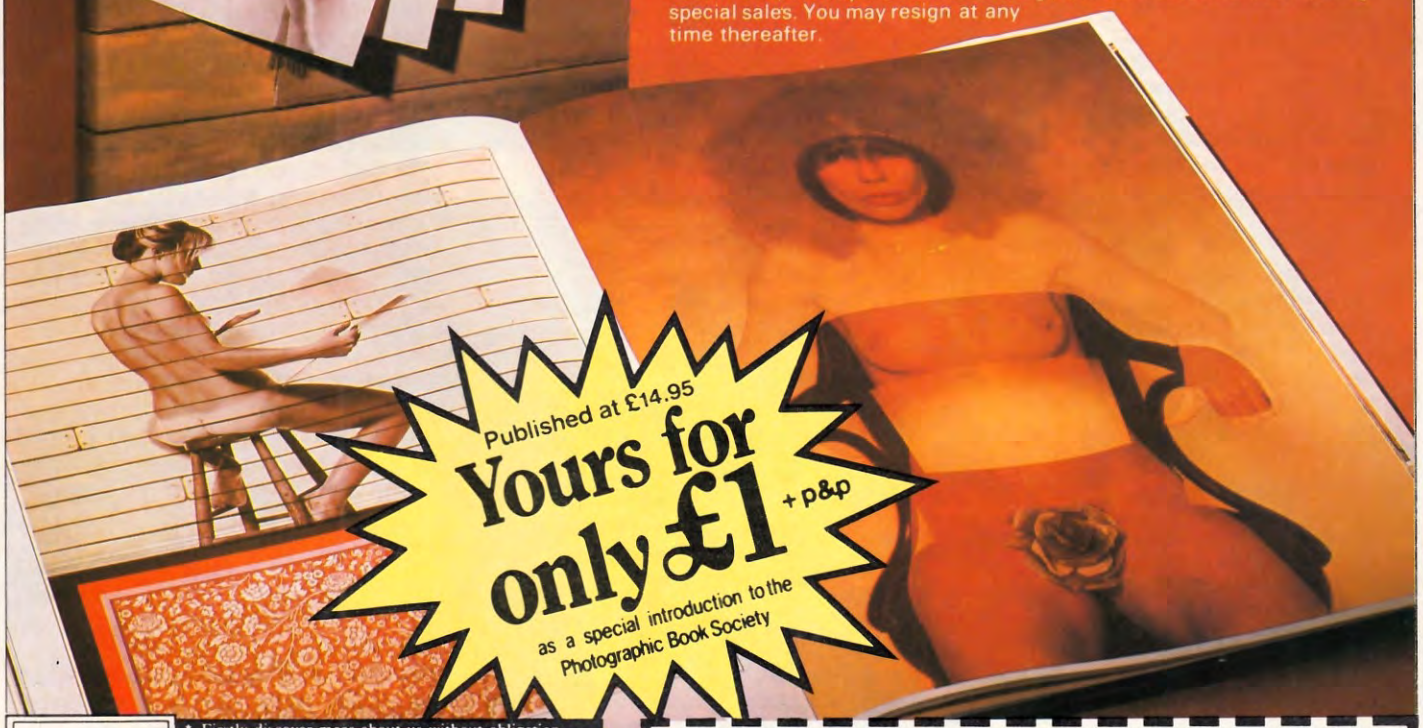

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Fast Food

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

with her and grow Chinese food.'

Nothing.

'And that's what I'm gonna do. Try to understand, Sally.'

Without putting on his shoes, Salvation Weaver walked out the door and drove to Harry Cudd's house.

'I thought I seen it all,' Salvation muttered as dawn broke.

He borrowed a pair of shoes from Harry, and the two men repaired, bleary-eyed, to Schicklgruber's, where they found that someone had spray-painted a six-pointed star on the front door. Junior Riley was out front with a bucket and a scrub brush, trying to wash the paint from the door, when the two chartered buses from Chicago pulled into the parking lot. He hurried inside to find Salvation.

'There's a buncha kids with, uh – now, what the hell d'ya call them things?' Junior mumbled, pointing to the summit of his head.

The Jewish Defence League students positioned themselves before the entrance to the restaurant and began to distribute handbills to passers-by. Salvation snatched one of these printed sheets from a student's hand and glanced at it:

CLOSE THESE OVENS!
TODAY A FEW CHEESEBURGERS,
TOMORROW SIX MILLION JEWS!

Salvation went to the pay phone to call the police, but he distractedly hung up the receiver in mid-dial as several pick-up trucks bearing Indiana plates screeched to a halt a few yards from the JDL protesters. From these pick-ups there poured forth men in white sheets, one of whom, introducing himself as the exalted King Kleagle, explained to Salvation that he and his brothers in imperial knighthood were eager to help in whatever way they could.

By mid-afternoon the television minicam crew had arrived. But this crew, the Mammonco Corporation observed, was not from any piss-ant station in Harrisburg, but from WMAQ in Chicago. Once again, the woman with the microphone spoke without any accent that might betray the fact that she had actually come from somewhere.

'I just don't understand what's goin' on here,' Salvation told the lady.

'Didn't you forsee any of this when you decided to align yourself with the image of Adolf Hitler?'

'Hell, woman!' Salvation hollered. 'Adolf Hitler, Ronald McDonald – *what the hell's the damn differ'nce?*'

The most singular aspect of this most singular day was that the sound and the fury of this multifarious siege upon Schicklgruber's did not detract in the least from the day's business.

Harry and the Professor were standing together, wondering at this very fact when the Professor heard a piercing girlish voice. 'That's him!' she screamed. 'That's the teacher that fornicated me!'

The Professor ran through the kitchen and out the back door, never to be seen again in Alexander County but maintaining his ties with the Mammonco Corporation by means of a series of missives.

This day, like all others, finally ended. Salvation Weaver leaned against the portion-control scale and wearily beheld the buttocks, resplendent in black jodhpurs, of Henrietta Moline. In the breadth of 24 hours, he had lost his wife and his most trusted partner. He had been beset by the Jewish Defence League, the Klu Klux Klan, Neo-Nazis, Pentecostal preachers, and television newsmen. But all that was behind him now, and he was alone with these buttocks in the silent, shadowed kitchen of this monument to his own ingenuity.

> Dipping his hand into a gallon of Frymax liquid frying fat, he greased her ripe young loins.

'Play your cards right, Henrietta, and Cairo will be your oyster,' Salvation whispered, placing his hand upon the rondure of those buttocks, 'and the world your backyard.'

Henrietta did not say a word but merely descended to the kitchen floor, resting her head upon a sack of defrosting Ore-Ida Shoestrings. Salvation stood over her. He unclasped the promotional Billy Beer belt buckle that had been given to him personally by the former First Brother himself, and he stepped from his britches, hunkering down between Henrietta's long, lithe legs, and he pulled her jodhpurs from her. Dipping his hand into a nearby gallon of Frymax liquid frying fat, he greased her ripe young loins and then entered her slowly and sublimely, whispering to her again of the oyster and the backyard and of franchise expansion untold.

On the following morning, the *Today* show broadcast the report that had been aired the night before by WMAQ, the NBC affiliate in Chicago. Schicklgruber's became a national sensation, receiving coverage not only on television but also in publications such as *People* (where Salvation Weaver's face shared a page with those of Erik Estrada and Gilda Radner), the *New York Post* (Heil Hamburgers!), and *Restaurant Business* ('Novel Concept Provides "Final Solution" to Businessmen's Woes').

Amid the uproar, Schicklgruber's continued to make money at a disarming pace. Two types of franchises were offered to prospective investors: The DeLuxe Berghof model, patterned after the Cairo original and carrying a fee of $70,000, and the smaller, more austere Polish Pillbox model, which carried a fee of $35,000. Interest was great, and within a month the Mammonco Corporation had sold 12 franchises for a total of $595,000. The push toward the East had begun. By summer's end Schicklgruber's was an inexorable part of the landscape of America.

'I've done it,' Salvation Weaver exclaimed, sitting at home at his desk one autumn evening, feeling the hands of Henrietta Moline upon his neck and upon his shoulders. 'I've really done it,' he exclaimed, looking up from his ledgers. 'I'm a millionaire on paper, Henrietta. I'm a millionaire.'

He had no sooner finished his sentence when the telephone rang. The lawyer, calling from Los Angeles, introduced himself, explaining that he had been retained by Mmes. Weaver and Cudd, who jointly and presently sought to be awarded their estranged and soon-to-be divorced husband's interests in the Mammonco Corporation. Salvation began to say something very vulgar to the lawyer, who interrupted him, asking him if he was aware of the penalties for mail fraud; then he bid Salvation good-bye, promising to call again soon.

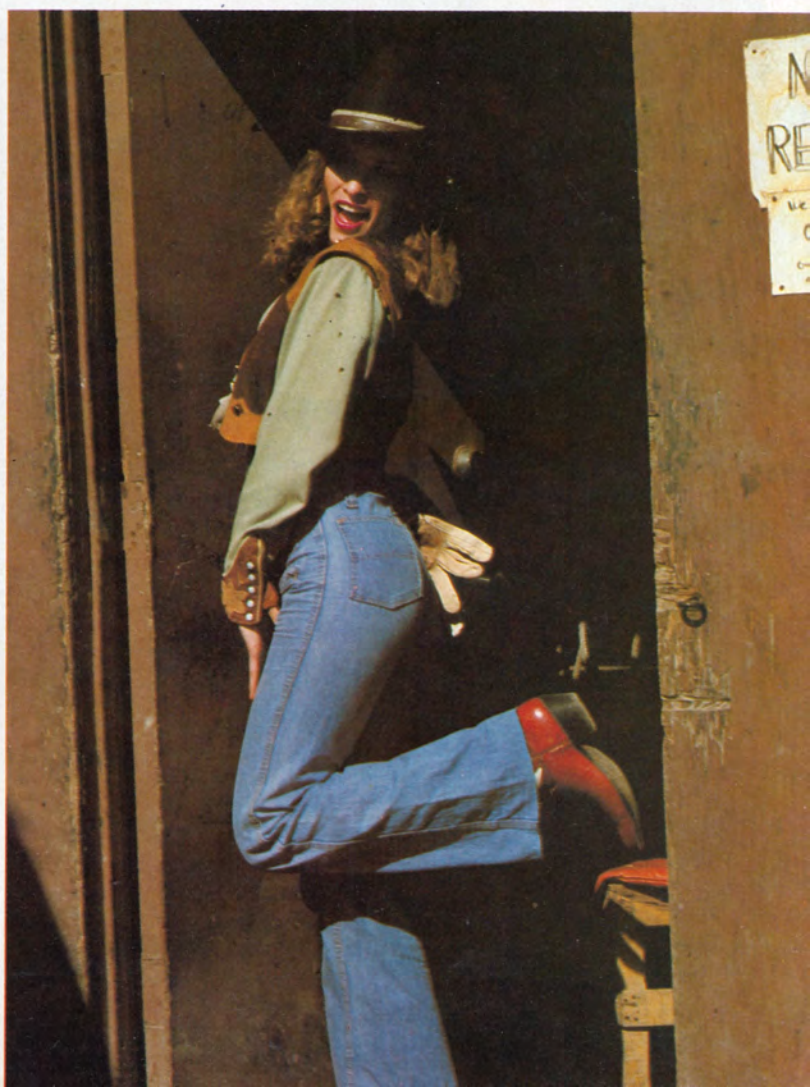
It was spring again in Cairo. Harry Cudd and Salvation Weaver drove down Poplar Avenue in the warming sunshine, both of them staring straight ahead as they passed Schicklgruber's.

'Health-food emporiums,' Harry Cudd spat. 'Ever' damn one of them damn franchises: *health-food emporiums.*'

'Lezzie food,' growled Salvation Weaver.

'They'll never make it. They'll go under, sure as I'm born.'

When they walked into the Nu Diner, they did not say good morning to Junior Riley or to his bride, Henrietta. But looking straight ahead, they strode silently and solemnly to that particular booth that every Nu Diner employee knew was Salvation Weaver's and Salvation Weaver's alone, to be kept available for him at all times. This was gladly done by the staff of the Nu Diner, for it was well known that Salvation Weaver always left paper money when he walked.



ALI

•After a nice, refreshing bath, nothing beats a healthy roll in the hay.•

TEX APPEAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

'Some girls were born to run, but I was born to ride,' declares Ali Laker, our Brownsville, Texas, temptress. 'My friends think I'm really horse crazy,' she laughs as she prepares to saddle-up. 'But believe me, I spend plenty of time with boys as well. There are certain kinds of joy rides you can't get from any other source.'

'I've won so many blue ribbons in horse shows that I've been accused of getting too big for my britches.' But judging from the evidence at right, we'd say that she fills them out perfectly.

'I guess you could call me the quintessential urban cowgirl. I like to ride the range during the day, but I'm not the kind to camp out in a tent and put up with sticker burrs and coyote howls at night. I tried making love in a sleeping bag once, and believe me, the earth didn't move.'

With her saddle for support Ali blissfully makes herself at home on the range thinking all the while about her Texas sweetheart – and of all the lucky men in her future. 'After all,' she deadpans, 'my body is a beautiful temple. I can't ignore it just because there's no one around to worship it for me.'

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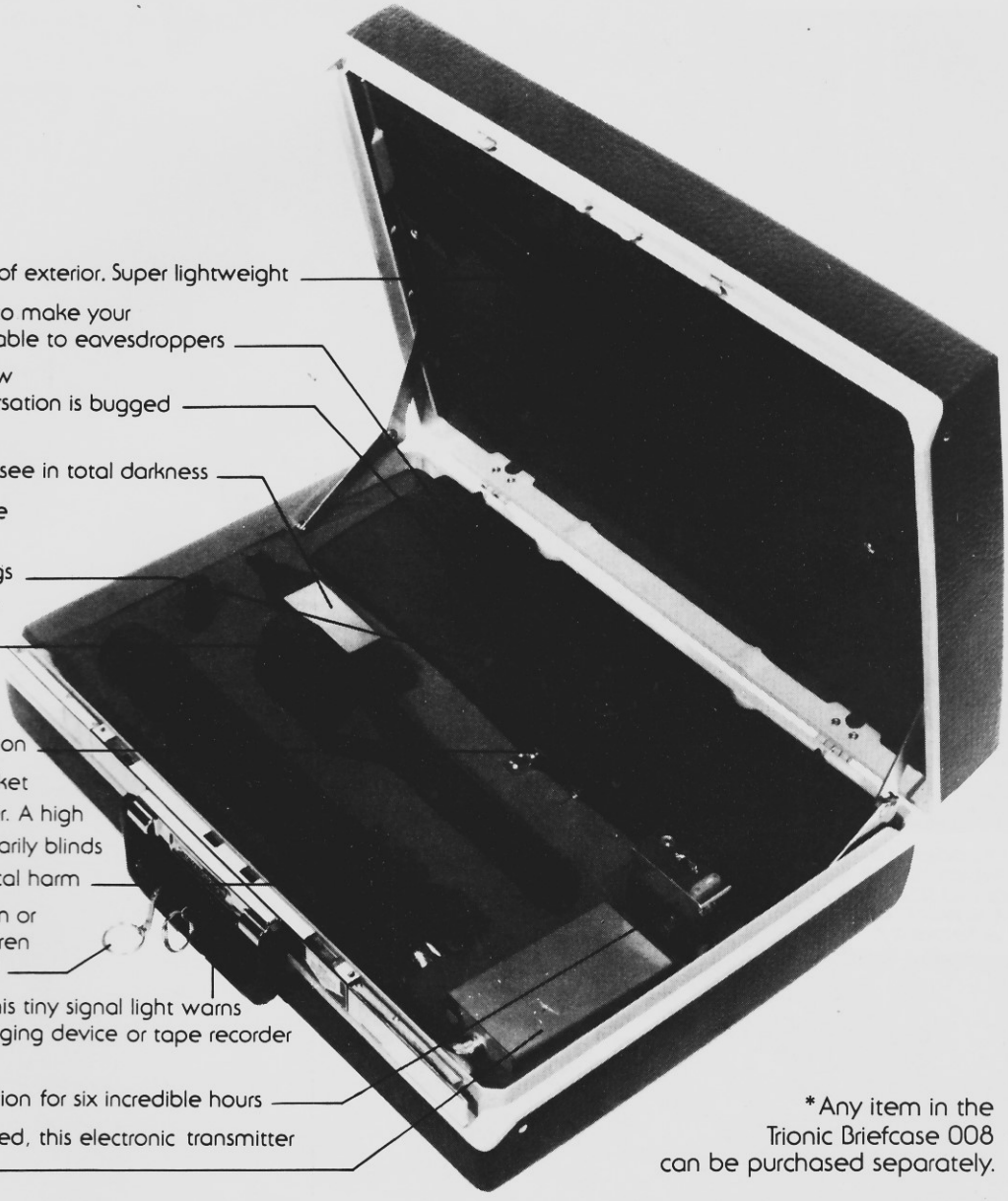

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"Judge him not by the demons that infect his mind and devour his reason... judge him only by that unspeakable crime of lust. In 'Sweet Chastity,' Embleton painstakingly represents every dimension of mortal sin known to god and/or me!"–Reverend Jerry Fartwell, *High Times*

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"Ludicrous, inefficient balance of situational probabilities, wanton socio-sexual, or sometimes psycho-socio-sexual, positional or inter-positional value systems wherein 'lust's labor lost' becomes de rigueur even upon lesser, if not mini-sub-divisional, levels of inter-uterine activity...."–William Buckeye, *Firing Pin*

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←*Typical scene from "Sweet Chastity" (left to right): Vincent von Frankenstein performing routine, life-creating surgery while mercurial-minded first assistant Igor and self-minded second assistant John Vain provide support.*

*among other things

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PSYCHOGRAPHIC
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ARE YOU A ROMANTIC OR A REALIST?

WHAT'S YOUR LOVE-STYLE?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions to see
if you have your feet on the ground or your head in the clouds

PSYCHOGRAPH

Ever wondered why most poets are men? Maybe it's because males – not females – are the real romantics in our society.

If you don't believe that, take this psychograph. You may be surprised to find out you're more romantic than you thought. Over the years studies by psychologists have indicated that men are more likely to take a romantic approach to matters of the heart than women are. Men tend to fall in love faster and more often than women. Females, on the other hand, tend to take a pragmatic, hard-eyed, realistic view of relationships. These findings have prompted one researcher to conclude that 'man, not woman, may be the romantic animal.'

Well, there goes another myth up in smoke.

Psychologists have not been all that brave about investigating the unknown terrain of love and affection; they prefer less emotionally charged areas like 'friendship' and 'interpersonal attraction'. Yet the studies of love that have been carried out invariably show men to be more romantically orientated than women. (To be precise: the research shows that 'realistic' lovers outnumber romantics in both sexes but that the number of romantic males is significantly higher than the number of romantic women.)

Back in the mid-1940s Llewellyn Gross of the University of Buffalo devised an 80-item questionnaire to measure attitudes of romantic love. After that, however, research in the field lagged so badly that 16 years later the prominent researcher H. F. Harlow could say, 'Psychologists have failed in their mission. The little we know about love does not transcend simple observation, and the little we write about it has been written better by poets and novelists.' As late as 1970 Harvard psychologist Zick Rubin, who has done outstanding work in this field, was still echoing Harlow's words 'Social psychologists,' said Rubin, 'have devoted virtually no attention to love.'

Still, there have been a few intrepid souls who have followed the lead of men like Rubin and Gross. In the late 1960s, for instance, David Knox and Michael Sporakowski of Florida State University constructed an 87-item romanticism scale and used it to produce an excellent survey of the attitudes of college students toward love. (Men, of course, once again emerged as the starry-eyed romantics.)

Researchers like these have laid down a base of data that enables us to construct this psychograph. It can tell you whether you're a romantic or a realist in your relations and relationships with women.

Each question consists of two statements. Select the one that more closely reflects your real feelings.

1. (a) If you were truly in love, it would be impossible to enjoy sex with anyone except your lover.
   (b) Sex and love don't necessarily go hand in hand. You can deeply love one person and still enjoy sex with someone else.

2. (a) If you're in love with someone, you should be able to confide in her about anything.
   (b) No matter how deeply you're involved with a woman, there are usually some things that are best left unsaid. Too much honesty can kill a relationship.

3. (a) No matter how much you love someone, you can't (and shouldn't) overlook her faults if they really bother you. If you don't deal with them, they'll eventually sabotage your relationship.
   (b) When I'm in love with a woman, I don't even see her faults. If I did notice them, I'd find it easy to overlook them.

4. (a) Beauty is essential to a lasting love. If you don't think your woman is beautiful (no matter what others might say), the relationship can't last.
   (b) Beauty, as they say, is only skin deep. If you're looking for a long-term relationship, other qualities are infinitely more important.

5. (a) If you are getting married and your parents voice serious objections, you should listen to them and evalutate carefully what they say. They may be seeing something you're missing.
   (b) Lovers' primary responsibilities are to each other. If you love each other, you shouldn't listen to anybody's objections.

6. (a) When I'm in love with a woman, I can get extraordinarily jealous.
   (b) Jealousy is an immature emotion. If two people are sure of their affection for one another, there's no need for jealousy.

7. (a) Sex, while a crucial factor in love affairs, can be of relatively minor importance in some cases. It's possible to love a woman for years without having great sex with her.
   (b) Great sex is a sure sign of a strong, lasting love.

8. (a) If two people come from widely divergent backgrounds, it's difficult for an enduring relationship to develop. Love alone can't overcome economic or social differences.
   (b) Real love can overcome any obstacle.

9. (a) The ideal marriage partner would be a woman who's calm, nurturing, mature, and flexible.
   (b) The ideal marriage partner would be a woman who's endlessly mysterious, impulsive, and exciting – someone who does outrageous, unpredictable things that will keep the relationship alive.

10. (a) Love can occur several times during the course of your life.
    (b) True love comes only once (or, perhaps, if you're lucky, twice) in a lifetime.

11. (a) Love just happens. One minute it's not there; the next minute you're madly in love.
    (b) Love develops gradually. It grows as you become more familiar with a woman. There's really no such thing as 'love at first sight'.

12. (a) Love affects your judgement. You're likely to do strange, crazy, and erratic things when you're in love.
    (b) Love is an admittedly strong emotion, but it shouldn't affect your judgement.

13. (a) Science will never really be able to understand love. It's something that just *is*; you can't really explain it.
    (b) If researchers set their minds to it, they could probably come up with a scientific explanation of why one person falls in love with another. *Everything* can be explained if you devote enough time and intelligence to it.

14. (a) You can have good, strong marriages without love. The arranged marriages of other cultures prove that viable rela-

tionships can develop even though the two parties weren't in love when they married.

(b) Marriage without love would be like a death sentence. If the two people don't love each other from the beginning, they'll never be happy.

15. (a) Somewhere out there, an ideal woman exists for every man. You just have to find her.
(b) Human beings are capable of falling in love with any number of people. There are probably dozens of women in the world that the average man could be enormously happy with.

16. (a) When I'm in love with a woman, I want to protect her, to guard her from harm or unhappiness.
(b) No matter how much you love a woman, you can't shield her from the world. She's an adult, not a child.

17. (a) When two people are in love, they have to give each other a certain degree of freedom. They both need to be able to do things by themselves.
(b) When I'm in love, I'm possessive. I want us to do just about everything together.

18. (a) If I were deeply in love with a woman and she left me, I don't think I'd ever get over it.
(b) Getting dumped by a woman you love may not be the most pleasant experience, but you recover. It's something that usually happens to everyone.

19. (a) No matter how much I loved a woman, there are certain things I could never forgive her for.
(b) I could forgive a woman anything if I loved her enough.

20. (a) If you are attracted to a woman but find that you don't like any of her friends, that's a good sign that you probably don't have a lot in common and won't be able to develop a deep relationship.
(b) I don't care if I hate every one of my lover's friends. If she's the woman for me, that won't make any difference to either of us.

21. (a) When I'm in love, I assume it will last forever. If it doesn't, I just assume I made a mistake and picked the wrong woman.
(b) Even when I first fall in love, I assume it will end sometime. Nothing is forever. The chances of any affair's turning into a life-long love are mighty slim.

22. (a) I enjoy being close to the woman I love, but I also enjoy my time away from her.
(b) When I can't be with the woman I love, I'm depressed. Everything seems dull and unsatisfying.

23. (a) When love comes, it engulfs you like a wave all at once.
(b) Love is a subtle emotion. It can sneak up on you. You can slide into it without your ever realising what's happening.

24. (a) If a relationship is going to survive, the man and woman should share a number of interests.
(b) Love is enough. It can make two people who have no other interest in common happy with each other.

25. (a) It takes time to know whether a woman you're attracted to is really right for you.
(b) If a woman you're attracted to is really right for you, you know it immediately.

SCORING

The list below shows the answers that would be chosen by the most romantic, least realistic man. Give yourself four points for each of your answers that coincides with these. (A high score on this psychograph is no 'better' than a low score. We are measuring two opposing personality traits, neither of which is inherently more valuable than the other. Your score is merely a way of pinpointing your place on the romantic/realist spectrum.)

1. a	6. a	11. a	16. a	21. a
2. a	7. b	12. a	17. b	22. b
3. b	8. b	13. a	18. a	23. a
4. a	9. b	14. b	19. b	24. b
5. b	10. b	15. a	20. b	25. b

If you scored 80-100 points:

You are an extreme romantic. The research literature shows that normal, average heterosexual men outnumber women in this scoring category. You place a high value on emotions and probably believe that feelings, not intellect, are the best guide to living a successful life. When it comes to women, there is a good chance you like them young, pretty, 'feminine', impulsive, and innocent. The sexual side of your relationships with women is extremely important to you. Your reaction to a woman is immediate: you either love her or you hate her. When you fall in love, you're the type of man Tin Pan Alley has written songs about for generations. You daydream about your woman, you act erratically, you gaze into her eyes longingly. Some people would look at your love and say it's saccharine and juvenile, but for you it's exciting and endlessly fascinating.

52-76 points:

You share most of the characteristics of men in the preceding category, but you don't exhibit them to such an extreme degree. You're the type of man who will bring flowers to a lady, but you won't grovel at her feet if she throws them back in your face. When you're attracted to a woman, you tend to be jealous. You resent it if she seems to have much of a life of her own apart from you. However, you're not likely to get paranoid about her outside activities as the man in the above category might. The best way to characterise you would be as a 'rational romantic'.

24-48 points:

You, on the other hand, are a 'romantic rationalist.' You take an even-tempered, common-sense approach to your relationships, but you're not made of granite. You are not, for instance, tempted to read the sports page during an intimate candle-lit dinner. But you believe that the most successful male-female relationships are founded on mature consideration and sharing. You are interested in a woman's emotional stability and intellectual competence. You don't like highly 'feminine' women who need 'protection'. Studies have shown that men in this category are less happily married and more likely to have extramarital affairs than romantic men. This is probably because they don't feel that strong gut-level attraction.

0-20 points:

You are the complete realist in matters of the heart. Your emotions never get the better of your intellect. You like strong women who are as independent in their lives as you are in yours. You are so rational that you have trouble understanding people who are more passionate than you. You're the type of man who could sit in front of the television watching a football game while the most beautiful girl in the world gave you a blow-job. Very stoic. On the benefit side, however, you will make an excellent long-term companion for a woman, even if you're not likely to sweep her off her feet.

LAETRILE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Those steps that seemingly couldn't be accomplished in the test tube, Dr. Rubin decided, could be carried out in a goat's liver. The livers of goats, he happened to know, contain a very high activity of an enzyme called glucuronyl transferase, which is capable of conjugating glucuronic acid with a broad spectrum of toxic substrates (in a process of neutralising them and preparing them for safe excretion from the body). Furthermore, goats are one of the few animals that will happily eat bitter almond leaves. These leaves are laden with an analogue of amygdalin called prunasin. The mandelonitrile (cynaide) component released by prunasin through the unlocking action of beta-glucosidase in the liver and gastro-intestinal tract of the goat was in turn locked up again by the liver through conjugation with glucuronic acid, creating a compound that could be excreted in the urine.

By extracting this compound from the urine, Dr. Rubin had finally created Laetrile – a cyanogenetic glucuronide, a substance that, theoretically, should work potently against those cancers that contain high concentrations of the enzyme beta-glucuronidase. Dr. Rubin gathered as much of the brown precipitate, (the substance called mandelonitrile beta-glucuronic acid, or DMBG) from the urine as he could and began treating a few cancer patients for whom all other therapies had failed. He was circumspect about publicising these preliminary results, which were, however, so promising that word leaked out: all four patients who were treated with two grams of DMBG daily experienced rapid and pronounced objective remission from cancer. Despite his elation Dr. Rubin was insistent that no public conclusions should be drawn from these very preliminary findings.

As word of Dr. Rubin's enterprising work spread and was picked up by the cancer underground, misunderstandings flourished and soon the powers-that-be turned their biggest guns against the Israeli researcher, using the old, familiar smear tactics. Throughout the summer of 1977 letters and telegrams, copies of which are in my possession, flew thick and fast between the ACS, the FDA, various Israeli health authorities, and a few selected science publications. This epistolary barrage was unleashed in typical overkill fashion, apparently arising out of the fear that the Israeli work might at last lend some legitimacy to the controversial drug.

When Dr. Rubin granted an interview to KPBS, the public television broadcasting station affiliated with San Diego State University, to discuss the glucuronide theory in anything but sensational terms, Dr. Donald Kennedy, the commissioner of food and drugs, attacked the researcher. In a letter to Dr. Jeffrey Kirsch, the director of KPBS Science Office and the man who conducted the interview (the only public interview Rubin had ever granted in the United States), Dr. Kennedy charged first that Dr. Rubin had 'misrepresented the official nature of his relationship to the cancer research programme in Israel.' The commissioner called attention to letters the FDA had received from Israel, one stating that Dr. Rubin's 'claims' to have carried out his amygdalin/glucuronide research at the famed Hadassah Medical School were 'fraudulent.'

What the commissioner failed to point out in his letter but what is made evident by the correspondence in my possession is that it was the FDA, not Dr. Rubin, that made these fraudulent claims. The FDA actively solicited and provoked denunciations of Dr. Rubin by misrepresenting his position to the Israeli authorities. Never, for example, did Dr. Rubin claim that he had carried out any of this research at Hadassah, his alma mater. Nor did he, contrary to a charge contained in another FDA letter, claim that Laetrile was under 'official' investigation in Israel.

> The only thing proven about most chemotherapies is that they are woefully deficient in fighting cancer.

In response to Dr. Kennedy's complaint that Dr. Rubin had misrepresented himself, Dr. Kirsch and Dr. Hugh Gardner, an American Association for the Advancement of Science media intern who had assisted with the interview, stated that 'at no time did Dr. Rubin ever represent himself to us as being affiliated with Hadassah Hospital, either in the full interview or the broadcast excerpt. Off-camera, he stated explicitly that he was *not* doing his research at Hadassah.' They added that he had never stated or even implied, either, that Laetrile was under 'official' study in Israel.

Fortunately, once the FDA lies got sorted out and the record set straight, Israeli authorities proved resistant to this shabby attempt to destroy the reputation of yet another honest, innovative researcher. There have been no further attacks from the FDA. One would do well, however, never to forget the most remarkable passage of Dr. Kennedy's August 5, 1977, letter to KPBS, for, once again, a highly appointed 'medical authority' was given the opportunity to react constructively to an idea that, by its intrinsic merits, commands – on the face of it – careful scrutiny. And once again said authority was transparently interested only in denigrating and dismissing the idea. Kennedy, sarcasm intact, wrote on that date:

'The most ingenious aspect of Rubin's latest hypothesis (implying in the full context of the letter that Rubin was somehow responsible for all of the ad hoc, previous hypothesis of Krebs and company!) is that it married, through a liver enzyme, the identities of the old compound with the new. The described experiments, in which beta-glucuronidase activity is actually measured in biopsy specimens and in which prunasin was fed to goats and the derivative compounds extracted from the urine, are extremely difficult ones. Furthermore, the results contradict all expectations. Because each would have required isotopically labelled precursor compounds, no biochemist would accept such results without a detailed account of the labelling used. You cannot possibly expect the cancer research community to evaluate these findings unless you are prepared to cite published descriptions of the experiments.'

Apart from the fact that Dr. Kennedy, though requested to do so, never did explain why Dr. Rubin's results 'contradict all expectations,' other pronouncements of his must have sounded a bit silly to biochemists. Tissue assays of beta-glucuronidase pose no real difficulty through the use of phenylglucuronate; the precipitation of glucuronate conjugates from the urine of prunasin-fed goats is accomplished, without magic, by means of lead acetate; and determination that the DMBG is indeed present in the precipitate can certainly be achieved *without* isotopic labelling.

Apart from the obvious fear of 'legitimising' Laetrile through the glucuronide work, there is no doubt discomfort in some circles arising from the fact that the Israelis have succeeded where others, in recent years, have failed. For it develops that the National Institutes of Health at one point *did* quietly commission Merck Pharmaceutical Company to try to accomplish synthesis of the real Laetrile, following the instructions in the old Krebs' patent. After three years of effort, Merck had produced a mere six-tenths of a gram of the substance and then given up. Researchers at the Marie Curie Memorial Foundation similarly threw in

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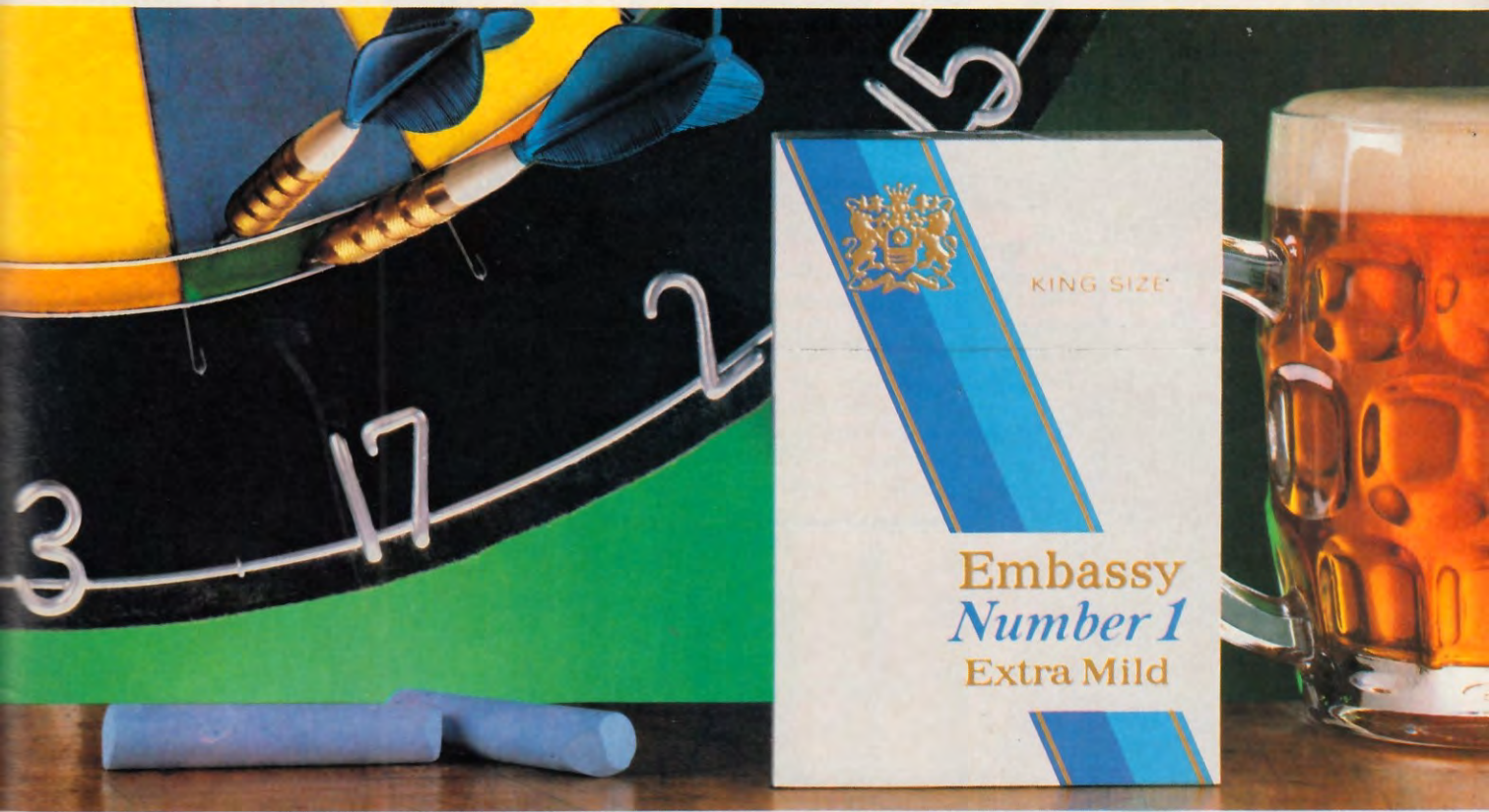

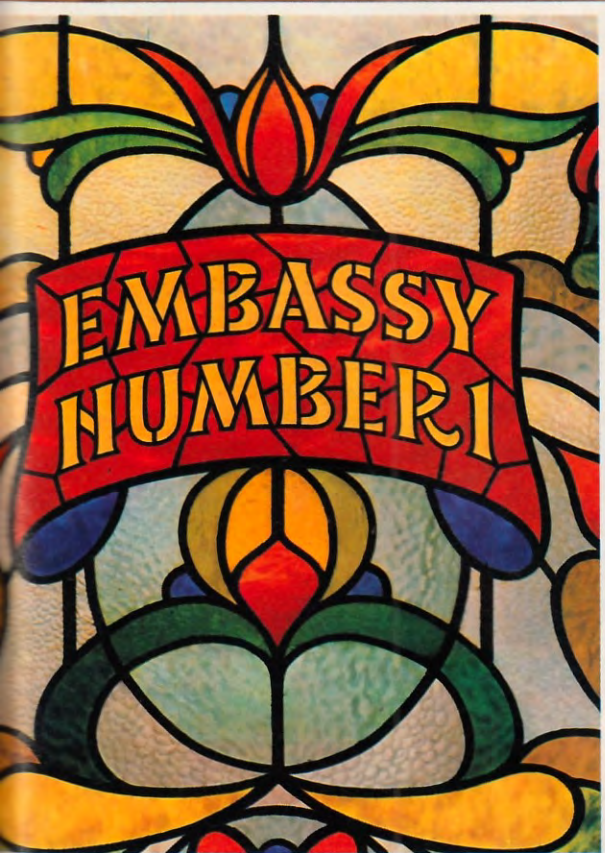

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the towel after a concerted effort. A group at Johns Hopkins, Dr. Rubin reports, more recently *has* produced a small quantity of the substance, using a cumbersome approach that recreates the bio-synthetic glucurynol transferase mechanism *in vitro* (in the test tube). Curiously, this group did not even try to demonstrate the substance's potential anti-cancer efffect but instead concentrated on trying to show that it is 'mutagenic,' i.e., dangerous.

If the fear is that Dr. Rubin's work is just the latest means of winning respectability for amygdalin, the 'orthodoxy' has truly taken leave of its senses. Dr. Rubin makes it clear that he has no brief for amygdalin. He is grateful that the amygdalin controversy led him to the glucuronic compounds, but these, he stresses, are quite different from amygdalin. Indeed, he has already begun to anger some of the 'true believers' by stating that amygdalin, in his view, has no future as an anti-cancer agent, though it might possibly be used as a palliative adjunct with other therapies.

Dr. Rubin and his associates in the Israeli Medical Research Foundation, established to synthesise and investigate potentially cancer-killing conjugates of glucuronides, have now been successful not only in achieving a true (non-bio) synthesis of DMRG that is reproducible but also in creating and synthesising numerous other glucuronic conjugates. The process of obtaining patents for a number of these substances is in an advanced stage in many countries of the world. It will no doubt come as a shock to both some of the advocates and opponents of amygdalin to learn that among the panoply of glucuronides that the Israelis have been working with is one called 5-FU-G. The substance 5-FU is one of the mainstays of cancer chemotherapy. It is in the front ranks of the 'proven' therapies the American Cancer Society is so fond of touting. (And little wonder where 5-FU is concerned, since the ACS owns 50 per cent of the rights to it.) Ask anyone who has taken 5-FU and he'll regale you with its nightmare gallery of side effects. No doubt about it, it's a real cell killer. Unfortunately, it is almost as likely to kill normal cells as cancer cells.

But marry 5-FU to a glucuronide and you have an entirely new, relatively tractable beast. Cynics will call this the political marriage of convenience of the century (it *does* boggle the mind to see, however indirectly, the ACS and Laetrile forces thus wed), but Dr. Rubin gives little thought to such things. As far as he is concerned, this union is entirely pragmatic. He will happily hitch any good cell killer to one of his glucuronic carriers if it will result in selective cancer-cell death. The 5-FU-glucuronide, early tests indicate, can be given in doses far higher than those in which 5-FU can safely be administered alone. Initial tests reveal results far better than those obtained with 5-FU alone and without, for example, the often pronounced bone marrow depression that accompanies 5-FU treatment.

The potency of many of the glucuronic conjugates, Dr. Rubin reports, can frequently be increased through induced hyperglycemia of cancer patients. Hyperglycemia increases tumor acidification; the greater the acidification, the greater the acitivity of beta-glucuronidase. The Israelis expect that different conjugates will be used against different types of cancers.

Animal studies using a variety of the glucuronic conjugates have recently been conducted by independent researchers at the famed Weizmann Institute of Science – commissioned by the Israeli Medical Research Foundation. The toxicity tests revealed nothing untoward and helped clear the way for the granting of a licence for clinical trials, now under way. Efficacy tests in animals, according to one Israeli Medical Research Foundation spokesman, 'yielded results that we had hoped for and expected.' The spokesman added, however, that these tests were not definitive in the sense that they were not conducted 'double-blind.'

> Krebs became imprisoned by his philosophy that the answer to all of man's ills can be found in nature.

Excellent as the animal results apparently were, Dr. Rubin refuses to cite them, saying, 'I do not want to open myself to attack from those who will say we are making premature claims. And why talk about mice when we will soon be able to talk about humans?'

The clinical trials, like the tests at Weizmann, are being carried out by researchers *not* affiliated with the Israeli Medical Research Foundation. 'We do not want to be accused of biasing the results,' Dr. Rubin explains. He stresses that the glucuronides will not be available for use outside these restricted tests for some time.

Dr. Rubin also emphasises the contributions of many other individuals in this work, not only in Israel but also in other countries and over a long period of time. He notes that discoveries related to beta-glucuronidase go back many decades; he gives Krebs his due 'for a brilliant idea,' notes that Dr. Manfred von Ardenne of East Germany and others pioneered the tumor-acidification techniques that are part of the treatment, and observes that Japanese researchers and others have begun working with glucuronic conjugates as well. The Israeli contribution has been one of rediscovering an old idea, bringing all of the pieces of the puzzle together, devising reliable means of synthesising effective glucuronic conjugates and finding additional means of further potentiating the anti-cancer action of these substances while providing further protection of normal organs and tissue from the toxins they release. In the process of pursuing this avenue of research they have also discovered that some other diseases – notably psoriasis – are similarly characterised by high beta-glucuronidase activity that may make them vulnerable to attack, as well.

Meanwhile, in the United States, the National Cancer Institute, after years of refusing to give amygdalin clinical trials, finally approached a legal representative of the Israeli Medical Research Foundation, requesting permission to test some of their glucuronides, along with amygdalin. The Israelis regarded this request as presumptuous, and inappropriate, particularly in view of this government's previous attempts to discredit Dr. Rubin's work, not to mention the NCI's attitude toward unorthodox research in general. Moreover, the Israelis could discern no logical, scientific reason for lumping the glucuronic conjugates with amygdalin. What is most essentially needed now is to make clear the *differences* between the two. The fact that DMGB is Laetrile in no way weds it to the pretender amygdalin.

The Israeli answer to the NCI was swift in coming. 'We developed the substances in Israel,' Dr. Rubin says, 'and we will test them in Israel.'

Reflecting on the bizarre history of the great Laetrile controversy, Dr. Rubin says 'yes, absolutely' when I ask him if establishment medicine wasn't one of the principal authors of this tragedy. 'They should have recognised the potential. One opportunity after another was lost.' And Krebs? 'He's to blame, too, of course. Krebs, I think, became imprisoned by his philosophy, by this idea that the answer to all of man's ills can be found in nature. The real Laetrile has not yet been absolutely proven the drug of choice in cancer. But if, in the near future, we shall prove the clinical efficacy of this or one or more of the other glucuronides, we shall then begin to officially mourn 25 lost years because of a philosophical error.'

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Shared fantasies: high priestesses of exploitation films Mary Woronov (left) and Barbara Steele.

BAD/BEAUTIFUL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

brother is the man who –'

He turns and discovers Martine, looking delectable in corset and complicated underwear. She dips her fingers into the brandy and licks them. 'We can talk later... Professor.'

Helplessly, Robertson sweeps her into his arms. Eyes closed in ecstasy, she pulls a knife and stabs him to death.

She went on to appear in Oliver Stone's *Seizure* as the Queen of Evil, a terrifying seductress who, by the mere act of sleeping with the hero, scares him into a fatal heart attack. She could have gone on to better roles in bigger pictures. Instead she ran away; she spent the next two years in Italy.

Something was going wrong, something to do, perhaps, with the inner forces she had been fooling with; screen magic has a price. 'It's almost as if the sexuality I used as a power weapon kept coming back and smacking me in the face like a dead fish,' she admits. 'I was making films in Italy, but the situation was terrible. I'd go out to buy a loaf of bread, and men would grab me. Boys would throw peas at my tits, at my bum. I had terrible dreams – sexuality, chauvinism, degradation. The only people I could trust were my lovers, and I couldn't really trust *them*.'

Desperate and scared, she returned to the States in the late 1970s to pull her career together. She scored a few television guest star roles, but the parts got smaller and smaller, there were fights over her hair and her accent, and suddenly it wasn't fun anymore. Then *The Happy Hooker Goes Hollywood* came along.

It's after midnight, the naked starlets are towelling off in the garage, and Martine, in pink pants suit and gold stiletto heels, is waiting for her party scene with Adam West to get started.

'I liked the script,' she says. 'Sure, it had a lot more sex and nudity than anything I did before, but I didn't care. A good girl doesn't take her clothes off in front of a camera? Aagh, please! I'm *very* good, thank you very much. I just think it's rude for them to keep sending orders down for me to take my clothes off and do scenes that aren't even in the *script*. It's disrespectful. The problem with this picture is they had no *idea* who they had hired – all they knew was that I had the right look.'

Does it bother Martine to be doing cheap sex comedies at this stage of her career? 'Look, I'll probably keep making B films for the rest of my life,' she says, 'but somewhere I'm going to cut through all the bullshit and touch people. I know my fans are out there, and they really appreciate me. There's something about horror fans – some kind of innocent reverence. So, no, I don't feel weirded out by it at all.'

'Martine on set!' calls the assistant director, and she gives a little wiggle.

'Shake that money-maker,' a tech says, smiling.

'Which one?' she grins, grabbing her bottom and rocking her hips lewdly. Then she glides toward the lights and the camera.

MARY WORONOV: BACK-DOOR GAL

There's a fairy tale by Hans Christian Andersen about a little mermaid who fell in love with a sailor. She loved him so much, in fact, that she decided to go ashore, find him, and live with him as a human being for the rest of her life. Naturally, she would need feet for such a project. She searched high and she searched low, and finally she found a deep-sea magician with a potion. But there was a price. There usually is. Every step on her new feet would feel like walking on sharp knives.

She meets me at the door, smiling, and there's no whip, no leather. I hadn't really expected a whip, but one never knows. She's six feet tall, she moves with a dancer's grace, and she's very beautiful. She has clear blue eyes, and brown hair cascades down her shoulders.

In 1965 she was Andy Warhol's imperious, walking wet-dream in tight black leather and a wicked snarl – the stunning sadist of *Chelsea Girls*, the dominating dyke of New York's legendary Theatre of the Ridiculous. These days she makes exploitation pictures in Hollywood – not so big a change as you might think. She's married, she lives in an elegant house of grey brick and white wood in the Hollywood suburbs, and she wipes her feet on the doormat before entering her house. I think she walks on knives every second, like the little mermaid.

'I've never been a dyke,' says Mary Woronov. 'Being a dyke is a one-way street, and I've got much more to offer than that. Basically, though, I don't think people should worry about that sort of stuff. Masculine and feminine games are weird, but since I got married, I'm beginning to get used to them. There's something about playing a traditional sexual role that's like participating in a cultural

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There are no Russian heroes of the sexual revolution

SEX IN THE U.S.S.R.

BY MIKHAIL STERN
with August Stern

If there is a sphere of a people's existence which it is difficult to pin down, it is surely its sex life. For each sexual relationship is a unique case from which it is always risky to generalise. Furthermore, any inquiry like The Hite Report is unthinkable in the USSR.

I must state that, as a doctor, I dealt only with the sick, but the kinds of cases and problems recurred so often, and the behaviour and mentality of my patients were so similar, that I consider myself justified in regarding them as representative samples of the Soviet population. Besides, very often their maladies were not of a sexual nature, and I discovered those aspects of their personality only incidentally.

Sexual technique is generally very poor. The woman has little experience and is very passive. The man is unskilful, often brutal and quick. Often he imagines that the penis need only penetrate the vagina for the woman to be immediately overwhelmed with happiness. If this does not happen, or at least if this happiness is not obvious, he becomes angry or depressed. Unaware that the woman possesses other erogenous zones besides the vagina, there is scarcely ever any preliminary caressing. After ejaculating, he hurriedly dismounts, turns over and falls asleep. That is the general picture.

The majority of men are quite simply unaware that there is such a thing as a clitoral orgasm. As for the women, they dare not talk to their husbands about it. Everything relating to sex, and even more to one's technique, is considered 'shameful'. So that, even with the tenderest feelings in the world, the man does not know, or rarely knows, what gives pleasure to the woman.

One suspects that under these conditions the sexual act is distinguished neither by refinement nor imagination. It practically never takes place in broad daylight. The favourite time is at night, in the greatest possible darkness. Neither one sees the other's body, and each is ashamed of his or her own. Sometimes, of late, this excessive modesty produces unexpected reactions. Out of

ILLUSTRATION BY NICHOLAS GAETANO

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a desire to display their sexual imaginativeness, some partners, having heard talk about Western pornography, are carried by their enthusiasm into some very funny situations. In Vinnitsa a young wife had been advised by a friend to pull her husband's testicles. I saw the husband in question as he was brought into hospital by ambulance, unconscious. In Moscow a dentist tried to sodomise his wife on their wedding night. He was so adept that the young woman fainted from the pain and the shock. Happily, the husband was able to apply artificial respiration.

Erotic games and fantasies are banished from the 'normal' sexual act and, if it is true that they are practised on occasion, they remain confined to extra-marital sex – relations with prostitutes, in short, women with whom 'anything is permitted.' To speak of erotic pleasure between man and wife is considered improper. The most innocuous fantasy is looked upon as debauchery. One day an indignant wife arrived to complain about her husband, the engineer Nenaïdov. The family of four had lived in a small basement room for a long time. At last, in 1970, they were allocated a small two-room flat with a rudimentary bath next to the cooker. This advancement had gone to the engineer's head.

'We have been married for 22 years,' his wife told me. 'We love each other. But now my husband has become debauched. He wants us to do it in the bath. Can you imagine? It's really unthinkable!'

I tried to explain to her that there was nothing sensational or alarming in the situation, that people's sexual needs are very different, and that she could certainly go along with her husband's sexual fantasy without any harm being done. Whereupon she exploded:

'What? How can you say such a thing? I've come to ask your advice, and you tell me to do obscene things!'

And she left, slamming the door behind her.

Sex between the legal couple is viewed by the Soviet woman as merely an exercise without grace-notes.

If one of the spouses proposes oral sex to the other, he or she is immediately suspected of an immoral past. A decent woman does not know what fellatio is, but it is sometimes practised before marriage – among other reasons, to avoid conception. One of my patients would occasionally start vomiting during sex. It emerged that before her marriage she had regularly practised fellatio, reluctantly, it seemed, with the result that she developed a profound disgust for all forms of sexual relations.

With so crude a sexual technique, orgasm remains an almost exclusively masculine privilege. Simultaneous orgasm requires much patience, thoughtfulness and delicacy on the part

of the man, who is more quickly aroused. Eroticism is that human capacity for 'making pleasure last', for multiplying the games and preliminary caresses. The erotic art requires a certain control over the sexual act with a view to mutual pleasure. But in the USSR to 'hold back' is considered an immoral practice. So that very often the sole aim of the sexual act becomes the man's ejaculation, which is what orgasm finally amounts to. The word 'orgasm', a foreign import, is used soleiy by doctors. Almost the only term in everyday language is virtually untranslatable, the verb *konchat*: literally, 'to finish', which is a truly sad comment on sexual relations.

However, it would be wrong to allege that the Soviets have no notion of female orgasm. They imagine it as a kind of volcanic eruption, a high-voltage electric current which runs through the woman's body. So that some frigid women, taking this image literally, endeavour to conceal their frigidity during the sexual act, simulating perfect happiness with a rapturous smile, whereas genuine orgasm in fact produces something closer to a grimace of suffering.

This parody of delight seems to me an essential element of the relations between man and woman. The excessive modesty which hangs over sex like a leaden weight – the reflection of typically Soviet social attitudes even in the most intimate act – transforms the sexual act into a veritable comedy, a masquerade in bad taste.

One of my patients had gone through 15 years of married life without experiencing orgasm, a lack of satisfaction of which her husband was unaware, since she had always simulated 'mad and volcanic love'. Secretly the woman indulged in masturbation, which gave her genuine orgasms (proof that she was not really frigid). One day she was so absorbed in masturbating that she did not notice her husband, who had come home from work earlier than anticipated. The result was gross insults and a shower of blows; a divorce took place fairly soon afterwards. When the patient came to see me, she had become positively frigid: the shock of being surprised in a shameful activity, the trauma caused by the beating, and her sense of guilt were so emotionally disturbing that even masturbation became ineffective. This unfortunate person, who had previously been perfectly normal, was now an incurable sexual invalid. This is a classic case, which well indicates the state of sexual inferiority to which the Soviet woman is confined. It also reveals the mixture of falsehood, ignorance and brutality which poisons relations between the sexes.

If the female orgasm is hardly recognised, this is naturally not the case with the man. Masculine sexuality is the worthy complement of feminine passivity: it is a show of strength. The man does not try to make love or seek amorous pleasure; he attempts to demonstrate that he is powerful. Naturally this kind of demonstration is not peculiar to the Soviets, but what is peculiar to them is the element of acting, of falsehood, which characterises all their social attitudes. And perhaps also, beyond the outward appearances, there is a deeper, more insidious sentiment: as the Soviet man is nothing in his public life, he is compelled to seek compensation elsewhere and to try to prove in his own eyes, and even more in his wife's, that he is somebody. Under the macho exterior the man frequently conceals a lack of confidence, an inferiority complex.

I have been able to observe this personally in the hundreds of patients I have seen who have complained of having an insufficiently developed penis. These cases were so common, and the patients' statements so similar, that the atrophied penis complex became as commonplace for me as influenza is for a general practitioner. It was always a question of the male fearing that he was unable to prove his virility.

In many of these cases, this show of force can easily turn into overt aggressiveness. Even if the woman feels desire, she must simulate resistance. I have known an extreme case of this type, when a prisoner in the camp where I was confined told me that he was unable to have sexual intercourse unless his partner pretended to resist. If she did not herself guess what she had to do, he created the sort of conditions where she would genuinely be driven to resist. The last session of this type had brought him into the prisoner's dock, and then to the camp.

The woman who resists is such a common sexual model that the following anecdote is often told in the USSR. A rich Georgian (here the Russian shifts responsibility to another race, from the Caucasus) takes a Moscow prostitute to the Hotel Rossiya. As soon as they enter the room the young woman strips and invites him to join her in bed. He sets to work – alas, without success. He tries everything, but no erection. At last he jumps out of bed and screams at the prostitute, who is more dead than alive:

'Put on your clothes!' She hastens to do as she is told, convinced that she is going to be thrown out. Once dressed, she hears him say: 'And now, resist!'

The anecdote derides a far from laughable phenomenon. Aggressiveness is in no way a unique characteristic of the inhabitants of the Caucasus. Women in Russia are still beaten, as in the good old days. Sometimes the blows are an indispensable prelude to the sexual act, caresses of a sort: the row becomes a charade and ends in bed. Here again is the old tradition according to which the only man who does not love his wife is the one who does not beat her. There is even a very common expression used these days to refer to the sexual act, the primary meaning of which is 'to beat' *(trakhnut)*.

There are no real norms in the sexual act. In detaching themselves from the purely instinctive act, men discover erotic fantasy and each sexual act becomes individualised. That is why I do not pretend to judge from a 'normal' point of view the practices which I have described. There are, however, two points I would like to make. On the one hand, the woman is turning into a passive object, experiencing no pleasure; on the other hand, the establishment of a sado-masochistic relationship is becoming necessary to both partners. In 1953 a retired lieutenant-colonel who came to my surgery complained of a decline in his sexual potency. After making a few notes, I asked him to undress. I saw then that his back was covered with scars, as if he had been slashed. When I asked him about them, he replied evasively, but I later discovered the cause of these weals. After the war, my patient had returned to Vinnitsa, where he met a woman and married her. On their wedding night, when he discovered that she was not a virgin, he had beaten her. Making love only when he was drunk, he continued to beat his wife regularly. This sadist was, more-over, tormented by memories of the war. His wife endured the blows and the suffering which inevitably preceded intercourse, digging her nails into her husband's back by way of resistance. Gradually a peculiar relationship developed between them: the man could have an erection only if he felt his wife's nails sinking into his back. The sado-masochistic relationship was reversed. Finally in his quest for stronger and stronger sensations, he reached the point where his body could no longer endure very extreme pain, while pain that was bearable no longer sufficed to arouse him. The sexual relations here were neither 'normal' nor 'abnormal'; they were self-destructive.

Nothing better illustrates the power nexus that can develop in sex than the following absurd case which I had to treat. To express her refusal to love her husband, one of my patients, a 26-year-old economist from Byelorussia, stopped herself having orgasms when they had intercourse. This was an extremely curious case, in which one comes across, at one and the same time, the image of sexual relations as a question of power, female orgasm as a gift from the husband, passivity and masochism. The wife's revolt expressed itself in denying herself pleasure, thereby showing that, for her, the orgasm itself did not belong to her, but had a masculine symbolism which had little to do with her. It is a curious vengeance which consists of self-punishment...

In the Stalinist period there was a great deal of sexual repression. Here I shall content myself with one example: that of the *penis captivus*, where the couples, victims of spasms during intercourse, remain 'soldered' together. These cases, which are in general very rare, are caused by vaginism (an involuntary contraction of the levator muscle of the anus, which is also the constrictor of the vagina). In the USSR they occurred relatively frequently on account of the fear and sense of guilt surrounding all matters of sex. I remember an incident in Odessa in 1937, at the Pedagogical Institute hostel, when this happened to a young couple. Doctors were summoned. The couple were covered with a sheet and both carried into an ambulance, to the great amusement of the crowd. The whole thing was handled without the slightest delicacy, with the obvious intention of drawing everyone's attention to the episode and of making the sexual act something to be ashamed of. Moreover, this was a married couple, and not 'unlawful' lovers... (A very simple technique [rectal touch] permits an immediate relaxation of the woman's muscles. The doctors were and are still unaware of this, which is to be explained by the Soviet context).

In recent times repression has become less severe, largely because of a general slackening of morals. Nevertheless the whole system of repressive restraints remains very much in place, ready to function as soon as the occasion arises. Such, for example, is the practice of 'targets'. These are hoardings customarily placed in the centre of town and bearing the photographs of 'amoral' young women or young men, with particulars about the offenders and their addresses. This inhuman treatment can help only prostitutes and their eventual clients. Ordinary young girls, who find the public humiliation intolerable, quit their work and leave town, decisions which they may in fact be further pressurised to take.

Soviet law authorises the expulsion from a town of any person considered to be a parasite, that is to say, someone who cannot prove that he has regular employment. As a result the police often receive anonymous letters denouncing young women who receive men in their homes. The big Soviet dailies, which do not normally publish mere trivial news items, so to speak, are not averse, however, to devoting their columns to affairs of this sort, for the edification of youth. *Izvestia* described the case of a young girl of 20 who was expelled from Kiev for 'amoral' conduct. The denunciations (for there were several) emanated from her neighbours, a common practice among these worthy people: it is an easy way of settling old scores, of satisfying personal grudges and at the same time of freeing a room in the communal flat.

Sometimes a denunciation is not even necessary: it is enough to behave 'suspiciously'. A student of the University of Moscow named Inga Markelova had a friend who learned that she was ill. He telephoned the dean and asked him if she needed any help: a doctor, medicine, money... When Inga recovered, she was immediately summoned by the dean.

'What is your relationship with this man?'

'We're friends.'

'We've heard about these friends. A man does not offer money out of pure friendship.'

Gossip and self-righteous outrage spread to her department. The Komsomol committee convened a meeting which ended with a resolution condemning Inga for 'amorality'. She was soon expelled from the university.

This 'moral order' calls for two remarks. The first is that the chief victim is, once again, the woman, always condemned to virtue. In this regard she is no more liberated than she was a century ago. The second is that there are areas of social life where the régime and the majority of the population are in accord: lovers are not only damned by the régime, they are hounded just as much by self-styled moralists.

These zealous guardians of young people's virtue are everywhere. If a couple kiss in the doorway of a house, the caretaker accosts them in a state of fury. In parks and squares there will always be a pensioner, and particularly middle-aged women, to call them to order. To

kiss in the street is immoral, particularly if one does it in front of chidren, whose chaste and pure eyes should not have to witness such shameful spectacles. In this century where pleasure has been chased off the streets and where the autonomy of the individual does not exist, it is as if society is telling you with all the brutality of which it is capable: 'This is not yours; you are not at home here; you are on our territory and everything belongs to us.'

Society leaves no room for lovers. To take a hotel room is no solution. In the event that the couple were to present themselves individually at the reception desk, the possibility of their meeting up later is excluded – not to mention the passport check: the supervisors on each floor make certain that order is preserved. In this age of collectivisation love has not been 'collectivised' as the hotheads of the 1920s had hoped; it has quite simply been disenfranchised: pseudo-collectivity has ended by killing the individual. As a Ukrainian newspaper recently reminded us: 'The respectable Soviet citizen has nothing to hide and is not afraid of people looking into his private life.' This is incredibly ruthless blackmail. Every collectivity undoubtedly exercises moral pressure on its members; but at least they have a private life, a certain unsupervised area of their existence where they may escape the attention of others. The Soviet régime has strived hard to reduce this area to a banality (since everyone is happy and respectable, there is nothing to hide), and now the moral pressure of the crowd, which has become second nature to the Soviet people, pursues lovers into the smallest gateway.

Soviet humour, that eternal antidote, has portrayed this social pressure in the following form: a militiaman catches a couple kissing in a Moscow street. He rushes towards them, shouting:

'Where did you learn such filth?'

'From Maupassant.'

'Sergeant! Find me this Maupassant immediately and bring him to me at the station!'

One day a Soviet sociologist named Kolbanovsky delivered a lecture in Moscow. At the end he was asked: 'How many times in this life can a man be in love?' The professor replied: 'Everyone can love many, many people. An unlimited number...' Silence. 'Naturally I am not speaking of physical love! Everyone may love whom he wishes, with the exception of enemies of our system.' This sentence admirably epitomises the relentless attempt to assassinate love in the USSR. Not only is love reserved for the faithful, but at the same time it assumes a different meaning: true love is that which embraces all good Soviet citizens (sexless persons) and definitely

not just one or several men, one or several women. In other words it is no longer a question of love.

To be in love, it is not necessary to have read *Romeo and Juliet* or Petrarch's *Sonnets*. But imagine a country where the model of great lovers that one studies at school is the militant couple Lenin and Krupskaya. Such is the USSR. There is something worse than the absence of cultural models and that is false models, which everyone recognises as fabricated and artificial. Since the Stalinist campaign to de-eroticise love, it has not re-emerged from its ruins into what one may derisively term official Soviet 'culture'. There are no love songs, except the traditional ones. There are no sentimental stories to make the masses weep. As for literature, the Russians are obliged to turn to their glorious past in this domain. In spite of the gap in time, one can identify more easily with Pushkin's characters than with the model heroes of Soviet literature. Hence the enormous place which this literature occupies in the formation of the Soviet individual.

This is no doubt one of the reasons why Soviet lovers have become mute. The lovers' bed lends itself to a discussion of recent Party congresses. Language plays an immense role in amorous and sexual relations, unless they are reduced to the unadorned sexual act. But, as I have observed, the language of love is very little utilised in the USSR, words are lacking and communication does not take place.

This difficulty of communication within the family, the couple and even between lovers, lies at the origin of a specifically Soviet phenomenon: the inordinate importance of friendship between persons of the same sex.

The Soviet man or woman finds in friendship a refuge from the hypocrisy and lies of public life. Every true friendship assumes much greater importance than any sexual problems. Sometimes friends replace wife, children and parents. When the Soviet citizen arrives in the West, he is bewildered and often disappointed, for he senses coldness, formality and unresponsiveness in his contacts. He finds there very few friends who will come to see him every day and who can take the place of a family. It is simply that in the West there exists a public life over which men and women have some control. Whereas in the prison world which is the USSR, social contacts are extraordinarily limited, whether it be amongst Party leaders, dissidents, criminals or ordinary people. So that the ties which develop – ties of friendship or of camaraderie – are stronger and more vital there, as in all situations where men find themselves deprived of liberty. Friendship thus escapes totalitarian control and appears as a free choice, as the privileged (and sole) bond wherein one may express one's emotions and secret thoughts, thoughts which perhaps one would conceal from one's husband, one's wife... It acts as a compensation for the gulf which has opened up between the two sexes.

Sexual frustration in the USSR is such that, very often, intercourse can take place only after the consumption of alcohol. More than once I have heard from my female patients: 'Anyone who does not smell of alcohol is not a man.' It is paradoxical that alcohol (which diminishes sexual power) should be employed as an aphrodisiac. Even so, its effects burst the locks and bolts which ordinarily imprison the average Soviet's libido, although one can guess the sort of pleasure enjoyed by a wife who is obliged to submit to a drunken husband who will beat her if necessary.

The young woman who gets drunk may become provocative. This is what very often happens during parties, at the end of which, after having drunk quite a lot, the company indulges in all sort of risqué jokes, touching up, provocative behaviour and cuddling. The evening does not end in an orgy: people are content with a collective abandon which does not, however, go beyond the limits of cuddling and verbal licence.

The inevitable question in a sexological work concerns the frequency of sexual intercourse. To adduce figures in this area is of course very difficult and the following results of surveys conducted among my own patients, are in no way definitive, but might be of interest:

Age	Frequency
20 to 25	every day
25 to 30	twice a week
30 to 35	once a week
35 to 40	once a month

In other words, Soviet men and women lose their sexual appetite very quickly. After the age of 40, men frequently become impotent and content themselves with the petting sessions which I have described above. This is a truly pernicious situation and the logical outcome of the de-eroticisation of Soviet society, where love is forbidden, degraded by brutality and drunkenness; where love can be transformed into hatred, can atrophy and lead eventually to the loss of desire.

BAD/BEAUTIFUL

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event – it's comforting, it's patriotic.'

She wasn't comforting in 1965. She was Mary Might (nickname courtesy of Andy), queen of the underground. 'Gerard Malanga, Warhol's "assistant," bought me a pair of skin-tight black leather trousers and three whips – two of which are now with my mother in Florida.' (One hesitates to ask about whip number three.) 'I never hurt anyone with the whips. They were just things to dance with, like feather boas.'

She played a merciless department store detective in Warhol's *Hedy*, and she was mean Hanoi Hannah in the classic *Chelsea Girls*, sharing the screen with superstar Ondine. 'Ondine and I made a perfect team,' she recalls, smiling fondly. 'He was crashingly gay and yet masculine; I was very masculine and yet a woman.' She played the dominating mother in Ronald Tavel's *Kitchenette* at the Theatre of the Ridiculous; she appeared as the Amphetamine Queen in *Vinyl*; and she was the Empress of the Universe, no less, in *Conquest of the Universe*.

She was an archetypal fantasy, playing sexual hide-and-seek inside her sadistic, dykey persona – flirting with the role, contradicting it. Cruelty was her stock in trade, but despite her sharp tongue and sarcastic delivery, she had a secret – a soft vulnerability at the centre of that regal, glorious form.

Then it was over. Warhol got himself shot, went commercial, and the underground went up up for sale. So Mary made *Sugar Cookies* for Ted Gershuny – 90 minutes of luscious lesbian seduction, thinly disguised as a thriller. Mary was breathtaking as a dominant casting director, drawing a lovely actress into a sexual liaison with delicious, tantalising slowness. And with plenty of scenes like the one where Mary undresses her actress, caresses her intimately with a pistol, and whispers, 'The more you submit, the more you show your love,' it was pure Woronov, perverse and exciting.

After a disappointing run on the porno circuit, *Sugar Cookies* disappeared without a trace, and Mary moved to Hollywood. If she couldn't be queen of the underground any more, she would be queen of the B films. 'I never minded slums,' she notes, 'I never minded fags, I never minded the back door. It looked just like the front door to me, and I'll tell you something: it still does.'

Exploitation films – the back door to Hollywood indeed. Many of the best exploitation filmmakers had been 'underground' themselves once, and Mary found herself in some of the most important exploitation pictures of the last five years. She was Calamity Jane Kelly, a ruthless (and gorgeous) race driver in *Death Race 2000*, Paul Bartel's marvellous tongue-in-cheek science-fiction thriller about a cross-country race in which drivers score points by killing pedestrians. She was the leader of (what else?) the All-Girl Team in *Cannonball*, a sort of sequel.

She was reigning exploitation star Mary McQueen in *Hollywood Boulevard*, directed by Joe Dante and Alan Arkush, an ultra-hip satire on the exploitation business itself. Mary played it flat-out camp: half Norma Desmond (from *Sunset Boulevard*), half Edie Williams. Whether she was screaming 'Blow it out your ass!' at a silly director (played by Bartel) who questioned her 'dedication' or taunting a starlet she was about to kill with 'You'll never be a star *now*, you little cunt!' she was delicious. Still, the purest moment was wordless: Mary, legs apart,

> I'd go out to buy bread and men would grab me. Boys would throw peas at my tits, at my bum.

wearing nothing but a thigh-low safari jacket, shooting twin pistols right into the camera, smiling like a little girl at a picnic.

But her best-known performance was as undoubtedly Miss Togar, the dykey, sadistic principal in *Rock 'n' Roll High School* – featuring the Ramones and an exploding high school. Mary played Miss Togar in severe Joan Crawford drag. 'I wasn't pretty,' she notes, 'but I was pretty funny.'

She opened a bottle of wine, and we talked about art, ritual cruelty, Warhol, temple prostitutes. I was in heaven.

Whips: 'I never played anything that *wasn't* sexual, but a lot of what I did was theatre.'

Fags: 'I was never a fag-hag, which is a woman who pretends to be a fag's wife. I did a brother-sister act with fags, which is different. All the people who have *done* stuff in my life have been gay.'

Sado-masochism: 'The master is the servant. It's a ritualisation of this stuff that's inside everyone, and it's a lot better than the Vietnam War. Vietnam happened because we wouldn't admit the truth about the blackness in us.'

Art history: 'When I did *Chelsea Girls*, I was a stone queen – I had no sex whatsoever. Which was probably just as well; the Factory was very big on victim-predator relationships, and people died.'

Mary Woronov: 'I have a goddess tendency. Give me a small rock, and I'll stand on it and be a small goddess.'

I found myself drifting away from the conversation, just gazing at Mary's face, looking for revelations. She had subliminal freckles. She had a few lines in her forehead. She had exotic eyes with a hint of an Asiatic slant, terrific cheekbones, and a sweet smile. I lowered my eyes and saw proud shoulders, nice breasts.

Another bottle added itself to the afternoon, and as we talked, she began to seem sad, conflicted. She felt that her career was at a standstill, and in a sense it's true; there just aren't many parts available for six-foot-tall goddesses in Hollywood. She then showed me her paintings ('I was always an artist; the rest of my life is really a joke'), and toward the end of bottle number two we looked at photographs of her, in some of which she appeared without clothes.

On the spur of the moment she decided to call Ondine in New York. Maybe talking about the underground days had made her nostalgic. She waited a moment for the call to go through, and then she screamed, 'Ondine, oh, my Lord, Ondine, it's you! Michael, get on the other extension; it's *Ondine!*' Her eyes were ecstatic; she was standing on one foot with the other bent up behind her at the knee. She looked like a teenage girl talking to her boyfriend.

'Is Billy Linich still alive?' she asked. 'What book did you hand to him when he was locked up in the wall? *Esoteric Astrology?* What is Jack Smith doing? Redecorating his apartment? That's all he ever does. Oh, I love you, Ondine! Me? I'm married. I go downtown and paint. No, there's nothing for me to *do*, Ondine. I'm stuck here. I'll be here a long time. I married a businessman, and he likes the house. I finally ended up in the suburbs. Listen, if you came out, Ondine, maybe we could do *Kitchenette* together. I'm so alone, Ondine...'

BARBARA STEELE: LOVE DEATH

'Tonight you won't be so lonely,' she whispers to a young journalist spending the night in an abandoned castle – and late that night she comes to him, and they make love. Afterward, he puts his head lovingly against her breast. 'Funny,' he says, 'I can't hear your heart.' 'That's right, Allen,' she replies. 'My heart isn't beating. I'm dead, Allen, dead!'

The Mask of Satan, a heavy metal mask with great sharp spikes on the inside, is placed against her face. Guttering torches smoke into the midnight wind as the villagers draw back a giant wooden hammer. She screams in terror, and the hammer swings, smashing the

spiked mask onto her face.

She reaches behind her neck and opens the catch on her gold cross, slipping it off with dream-like slowness. She turns her face down demurely, but her eyes flash up with sullen sexuality.

Her coffin explodes. Half-naked, she looks around and spots the man who accidentally brought her back to life. 'Oh, you're here again,' she whispers seductively. 'I need you again.' She stretches her arms luxuriously. 'Embrace me. You will die, but I will give you pleasure mortals can never know.'

'I'm sorry I was so cold and nasty on the phone,' she said. 'I thought you were this fan. I have creepy fans. They track me down somehow and call up and want pictures. People who are into horror movies are tremendously loyal, and I'm grateful for this, but it's scary, and... it's spooked me, actually. I started out in films playing this woman from the deep, this predatory woman of death, and I went on doing it... forever. It's become a self-fulfilling prophecy.'

It was a neat, white apartment house on a wide, tree-lined street in Beverly Hills. The Santa Ana was blowing hot and dry off the desert, it was ten at night, it was 85 degrees, and everything was dream-like. Barbara Steele wore a white silk dress with skimpy shoulder straps, and the ends of her long, black hair curled in the heat. She had beautiful green eyes like a cat, eloquent eyebrows, and a sensuous mouth with a hint of cruelty. She seemed sophisticated and a little scared. She poured wine into large glasses.

'We screened *The Pit and the Pendulum* last night,' I said.

'Oh, no,' she groaned.

'You were great.'

'I had such a small part,' she said. 'I was just a tiny grain of sand in those days. Now I'm a tiny piece of rock.' She saw me writing. 'That's an awful quote; don't you *dare* use it!' Her voice was cool, British, full of amusement.

In 1961, Louella Parsons tagged her 'Girl of the Thrillers.' Somewhat later *Cinema* magazine spoke of her 'elegance,' 'eroticism,' and 'voluptuous sadism.' British critic Raymond Durgnat described her as 'bland on top and very, very kinky below,' adding, 'She is the only girl in films whose eyelids can snarl.'

Born in Ireland, brought up in England (where she attended Summerhill, the famous experimental school), Barbara has been making films since 1958 – including featured performances in 'serious' films like Fellini's *8½* and Volker Schlöndorff's *Young Torless*. But the Cult of Barbara Steele is based on a series of cheap (mostly Italian) horror films made during the 1960s – *Black Sunday, Castle of Blood, The She Beast* (AKA *Sister of Satan), The Horrible Dr. Hitchcock, The Pit and the Pendulum*, and many more.

She didn't care for them very much. 'A lot of the Italian B movies... one isn't proud of. They're terribly simplistic, the directors usually want an excessive performance, and it's too easy to fall into Grand Guignol. But they were enjoyable – six fabulous weeks in some peculiar castle. Actually, I should say three weeks, because nothing ever had a schedule as long as six...'

If the films were simplistic (and the point is arguable), Barbara was not; her screen presence was complicated and disturbingly sexual. She seemed to have found a place inside herself where death, sex, and terror informed one another, and there was energy there for the camera. Her witches and vampires were both attractive and intelligent – which made them utterly frightening. Most important, the camera loved her. Directors learned to light her face from below, making her eyes and cheek-bones magical. Her dark beauty transformed potboilers into cult classics. She was legendary, a founding mama of the Queens of the B's.

Embrace me. You will die, but I will give you pleasure mortals can never know.

'This wine is awful,' she said. 'You hate this wine, don't you?'

'Uh, it's not great wine, but it's okay.'

'You're lying,' she said firmly. 'You hate it; it tastes like vinegar. It's cheap wine. I picked it up at the supermarket this morning. Come on in my kitchen. I'll make us gin-and-tonics.'

While she mixed the drinks, I asked her how she felt about horror films. 'I can't look at them,' she replied. 'I'm too superstitious. People always expect me to understand all about the genre, and I don't know anything. It's such a dark area that I can't bear it. When I do those films, I feel like I'm committing something against myself.'

Did she think there was a connection between sex and death? Her eyes widened. 'Do you know I had a dream, once, when I was very young, that I seduced Death?' she says. 'I was 16, in Corsica, and Death was chasing me. I was terrified, but I knew that the only way I could survive was to make love to Death.'

She sipped on her gin and tonic. 'This gin is horrible!' she exclaimed. 'I just bought it –'

'I know, at the supermarket. Look, it's fine –'

'No,' she said, her eyes laughing at some inner joke. 'You're lying. I wonder what this stuff will do to us.'

'Probably make us drunk.'

'Not me,' she said, 'because I'm not drinking it.' But she did drink it, and so did I, and it made us drunk. She put some Brazilian music on her record player and then some Billie Holiday. The hot wind was still blowing.

'It's very difficult for me to get work here,' she said. 'I don't know if people are threatened by me or whether there just aren't that many parts suited for me or what. In Europe you know the directors, and you get parts. Here you have to do interviews and readings, and you're always on the defensive. I mean, 14 other people are up for the same role. It's horrible.'

'But you just did *Pretty Baby*...'

'A tiny part!'

'And *Piranha* and *Silent Scream*...'

'I don't think I socialise enough. I don't know what I don't do enough. It's very difficult living in Los Angeles, because you hear all this Werner Erhard filter-down nonsense about, "Your like is what you make it." And you think, "Oh, fuck, am I really responsible for this state of affairs?" I worry a lot about not making films, but it's just as important for me to spend half a year in Greece, wandering around some odd village with five goats, as it is to make a movie.'

It was one in the morning. Barbara was reclining luxuriously on a white couch, playing with her black cat. It was an image from a classic horror film – directed by Franju. 'I'd like to put gold earrings in this cat's ears,' she said, flashing a wicked smile. 'No good in fights, but I think they would be beautiful. Little gold rings...'

'Why do you always groan when people say they've seen one of your films? I'd think you would be proud.'

The wind was cooling off, and she looked enchanting, but her eyes held something odd. Anguish? 'You don't understand,' she said. 'I'm always playing these stylised roles, full of tension, and I *am* very intense, and I understand why I get cast in them. But most of these roles are very destructive and negative. I've had to force myself to play them and people see me as... I'm not just this predatory woman, this dark seductress. I can sit down and have a cup of tea on Tuesday and pick a bunch of wild flowers like anyone else...'

Driving home, I felt like I'd abandoned her to the night and the demons.

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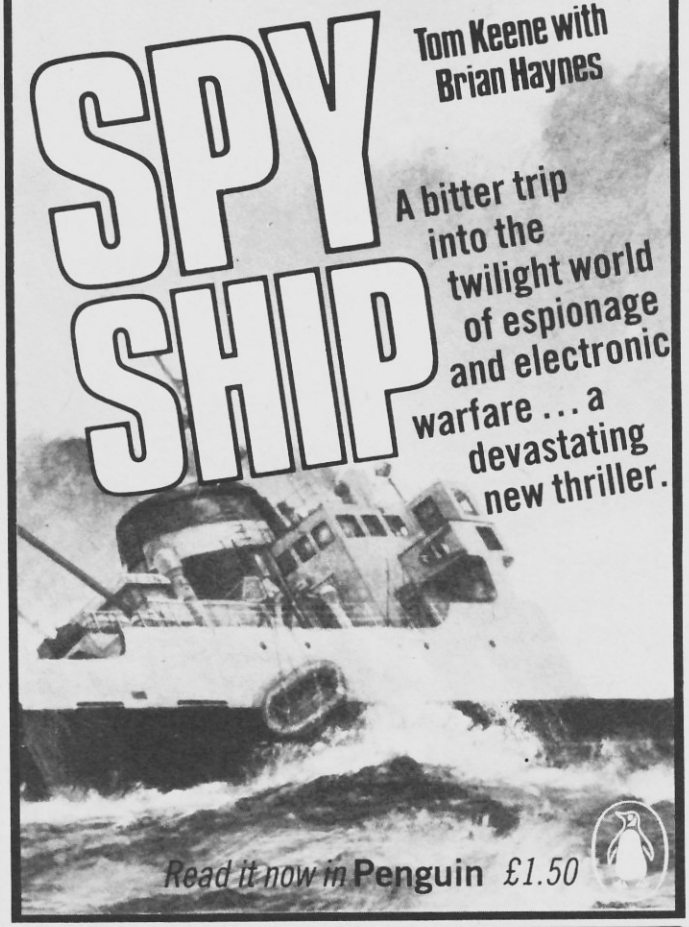
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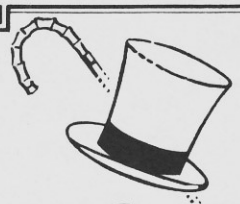

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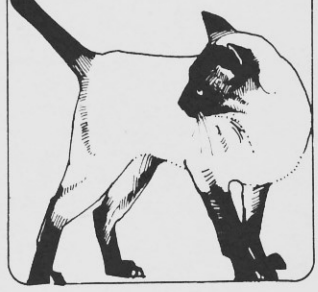

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

my blouse and bra and began to tease my nipples.

By this time I could see even more of his plump dick protruding from his shorts, but he began moving down my body with his tongue. When he got to my waist, he removed my skirt and told me how beautiful my legs were. Then he spread them slightly and after playing with my calves and inner thighs he slipped my G-string down. By this time I was building to a feverish pitch. He knelt between my legs and began to tantalise me with his tongue. Just when I could hardly stand it any more, he slipped his hands under my undulating cheeks and started to tickle my clit with his talented tongue. Soon I was throwing my body all over the place and gasping for air as Harry struggled to stay with me. Suddenly my legs tightened around him in a vice-like grip as I trembled and quivered deliciously, losing all control and exploding in a fantastic orgasm.

I reached over and grabbed his cock. I started stroking the underside with my tongue and gradually managed to wrap my lips over the head. The clean and fragrant taste of his bath soap permeated my lips and tingled my tongue, and the lovely silky texture of his glans was just indescribable, not the least bit like my husband's tough, circumcised skin.

Finally, he said he couldn't stand any more and asked me if I was ready. Before he could make a move I quickly slid the ottoman against the sofa, jumped up, pushed him down on it, and straddled him. He held his cock until I could position myself directly over it, and I slowly eased my pussy over the head of his cock and started moving with circular motions. Each time around my now swollen clit rubbing on that massive head started to make me delirious, and I took more and more of his cock inside me. I was also in for another thrill: with each up and down motion, my pussy was gripping his foreskin, and I could feel it sheathing and unsheathing that lovely head inside me. Before I knew what was happening, he stood up while we were still coupled, turned, placed my bottom on the ottoman, put a pillow under my head, put one leg over each shoulder, and really started giving it to me. I relished every delectable morsel of magnificent prick. And just when I would be on the brink, he'd stop and twitch his penis inside me, making it feel even bigger and vibrating my nerve endings. I was dizzy with orgasmic thrills and lust.

After we had calmed down, Harry invited me back to the kitchen for a cup of coffee. He asked me what I liked most about the kitchen. I giggled and told him I liked the plumbing but would like to come back and take some measurements. He smiled and said he thought it could be arranged.

As I slowly drove home that night, I found myself subconsciously rubbing my pussy on the car seat. Then I smiled as I thought to myself that poor little proper, prim, and indecisive me, who couldn't make up her mind, almost missed out on the most spectacular love session of her life. So ladies, take it from me. If you have a long-time admirer who is gentle and sensitive, try it... you may love it!! – F.H.K.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

'Hello,' she said, 'remember me?' After a moment I did and I was about to start apologising for my animal behaviour the last time we had met, when she put her hand on my arm and stopped me. 'Don't,' she said. 'I was just a stupid little girl who didn't know her own mind. Let's leave it at that.'

We went over to the bar together and then took our drinks to a sofa on one side of the room and sat down for a long animated chat. Her hand continually strayed to my thigh, whether by design or accident, I didn't know. But she just seemed to have blossomed into one of those women who like to touch as they talk. The room lights were quite low and anyway I'd had too much to drink to wonder whether people were watching.

'You remember when you took your penis out and tried to get me to hold it?' she asked. I could feel my pulse quickening as I answered that I did.

'Well,' she said, 'if it's still the same size as it was then, I wouldn't refuse to hold it for you this time.' This was accompanied by a friendly squeeze of the bulge at my groin. 'Oh,' she said, smiling, 'it feels even bigger than I remember it.'

I was still struggling to equate this behaviour with what I had previously known about her and the turn the conversation was taking was playing hell with my responses. 'What sort of fantasies did you used to have about me?' she asked.

'Oh well,' I said, thinking that if this was prick teasing, I was going to give as good as I got, 'I used to lie awake at nights, tossing myself off and imagining you were down on your knees with my dick between your lips. I used to pretend I was coming down your throat.'

'Hmmm,' she said, squeezing my thigh again, 'that sounds delicious, but wasn't there anything you wanted to do to me?'

'Yes,' I said. 'I wanted to bend you over the back of your parent's goddam sofa and screw the arse off you.' Suddenly she laughed and I laughed with her. 'I bet you did,' she said.

'Then I wanted to sink my dick up to my balls in your beautiful, wet, blonde pussy and shag you stupid.'

'What makes you think my pussy is blonde?' she asked. I told her that for the purposes of fantasy it hadn't mattered what colour it was and since I'd left school I'd found that most women had dark pubic hair anyway.

'Wouldn't you like to find out?' she asked. Nothing, I told her, would give me more pleasure. Then she suggested that she felt like going outside for a bit of fresh air as the room was a little stuffy and suggested I follow her out with a couple of drinks. I asked her about her husband and all she said was that her husband wouldn't mind in the least.

Patting the bulge of my by now erect cock, she stood up and moved off towards a group of people at the far end of the room, said something to one of them and then with a final backward glance in my direction disappeared through the french windows onto the patio. I went to the bar and refreshed our drinks and as circumspectly as possible, followed her.

When I reached the patio it took a moment for my eyes to adjust to the darkness and I stood there for a moment until I heard her voice calling softly, 'Over here.' I followed the sound and discovered her smoking a cigarette against the trunk of a tree a few yards away.

'Won't someone come out and catch us?' I blurted, as she handed a cigarette to me and took her drink from me.

'I don't care if they do,' she whispered. She put her drink down on the top of a low stone wall close by and I felt the warmth of her body press against mine. Our lips met wetly. Her tongue darted between my teeth as her hand reached down to my flies and squeezed my cock. Meanwhile she was breathing the smoke from her cigarette into my lungs and I thought I was going to faint. Her fingers toyed nimbly with my zip and I felt them close warmly around my straining cock. 'Mmmm,' she breathed in my ear as my hands moved to her breasts, 'you've got a lovely big cock. I should have fucked you years ago, you horny bastard.'

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I was still struggling to reconcile this language with the innocent young lady I had known as she raised her arms high above my head for a moment, allowing her dress to slip down and her warm, firm breasts to fill my bare hands like ripe fruit. Her nipples were stiff and obviously sensitive as she moaned as I bent my head to suck on them. Her attention returned to my cock, as she clasped my shaft in one hand and my balls in the other and with a gentle coaxing pressure that felt quite expert, she brought me instantly to full straining erection.

'Why don't you fuck me against this tree?' she whispered. 'Why don't you give me a real banging? Why don't you shag me stupid?' She was still caressing my shaft as I lifted her dress to discover she was wearing stockings and suspenders. My hands slid up her thighs, caressing the soft down covered skin and feeling the taut firmness of her muscles. Her knickers were sopping wet. 'Oh,' she groaned, 'rip them off, rip them off.' I yanked at them and surprisingly they came away in my hand. I discovered later that they were strippers' knickers, held together with velcro. Anyway I still have them and they're one of my more interesting mementoes from an outstanding sexual experience.

My hand pressed against her wiry bush. 'Are you blonde or brunette?' I murmured.

'Why don't you get down there and find out?' she said. I knelt in front of her and pressed my face against her pubes. I could smell the hot animal juices of her. She moaned as my tongue licked at her lips and putting her hands on the back of my head fell back against the tree with her legs bent wide apart at the knee. I licked her for a minute or so, losing my tongue in the large cavern of her vagina as she thrust her groin deliberately against my mouth, rubbing her clitoris jerkily against my tongue and muttering low filthy words. I kept licking until she came, with a loud groan.

I then told her to suck me off as I hadn't come. She reached for my dick as I dangled it in front of her face and applied her beautiful lips to my shaft. A few moments later I felt my cock jerking and warned her, 'I'm coming, 'I'm coming.'

She made no attempt to take my cock out of her mouth but continued to suck as though her life depended on it. I could see her eyes staring first at me and then off to one side. She suddenly seemed to have seen something in the bushes. I was too far gone to take much note of this but I realised she was more in control than I thought and was positioning our bodies so we could be seen by someone who might be watching from the patio.

She was making low slurping sounds as she basted my dick with her saliva. I couldn't hold on any longer and as I felt myself beginning to come, she held my pulsating cock a few inches from her mouth, her hands flying up and down my shaft in a furious wanking motion. I almost blacked out as I saw my come spurting into her mouth. I realised she wasn't looking at me but looking away at the patio again.

As my knees buckled with pleasure I realised that there was a man watching us from close by. As soon as she was sure she had milked the last drop from me, she let go of me and lighting a cigarette, she got up and went over to the other man. In a daze I watched her throw her arms round him as she fell to her knees in front of him and began to fumble with his trousers. I realised at once that this was her husband. My friends later explained that this was how her husband got off on sex – watching her doing it with other men.

It just goes to show the strong sexual impulses that can lurk under the most innocent exterior. I don't think I shall ever understand women, but I do love their little ways. – *J.K., (full name and address withheld by request), Stockport, Manchester.*

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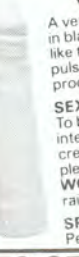

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road, I have more opportunity than most to read *Penthouse* and find its arousing pictures and interesting articles are a welcome diversion on many lonely nights in strange hotel rooms.

On a recent business trip to the West Country I stopped to give a lift to two female hitch-hikers. It transpired that their car had broken down and had gone into a local garage for the night but they were loathe to miss their weekly night out in Bristol. It wasn't until they climbed into the car I realised that one was quite a lot older than the other. I noticed that they were hardly dressed for hitching and offered to take them the whole way. They were both wearing high heels, fashionable evening dresses and fur coats. In fact they were dressed up to the nines and were going to a party where they had been intending to spend the night anyway. We got chatting as I drove and they seemed to be very friendly. I realised they were mother and daughter and they were making no bones about looking for a good sexy night out.

In the close confines of the car our conversation soon became quite fruity and personal. The mother was sitting in front. She was blonde and about 40 and she deliberately opened her coat to display a very voluptuous figure, barely contained by the skimpy cocktail dress she was wearing.

By angling my gaze through the rear view mirror I could see the daughter, her legs spread open, lounging against the back seat and making no attempt to hide what she had between her legs.

They started asking me who I was and where I was going. When they heard I was staying at the best hotel in Bristol they were quite impressed and asked if they could buy me a drink at the hotel bar for my kindness. I agreed and the mother slid across the front seat towards me and rested her hand experimentally on my leg. She didn't take her hand away and as I drove I could feel it sliding up my thigh towards my twanging dick. In the back seat, the daughter seemed to have her hand halfway up her dress and was digging her hand inside her tights. She didn't appear to have any knickers on and her pubes were visible through the transparent material. 'You're not wearing knickers again, Susan,' said the mother, 'you'll put the gentleman off his driving.'

'I love it,' I said, 'but any second now I'm going to have problems bending my leg.' The mother laughed uproariously at this but didn't attempt to take her hand away. The daughter leaned forward over the seats and said, 'What are you playing at? I want to see.'

'We're not doing anything, are we love?' said the mother to me, 'not yet.'

'Go on, Mum,' said the daughter, 'move your hand a bit higher.'

Mother did. I felt her fingertips nudge the tip of the throbbing shaft of my coiled prick beneath my trousers.

'I bet he's got a big one,' said the daughter. I could feel her breath on the back of my neck as I drove. The mother smiled at me. 'Shall we get it out and have a look?' she said to her daughter. By this time she was sitting facing me, with one knee on the seat and the other facing forward so her legs were widely parted and I could see her wiry pubes escaping the sides of her tight knickers.

'Go on, Mum,' said the daughter, 'I'm sure he won't mind if we have a quick feel of it.'

I could hardly believe this was going on and I was having one or two minor problems trying to concentrate on my driving. Meanwhile the mother was leaning across with her breasts bulging out of the top of her dress. I could smell her cheap heady perfume as her hair grazed my neck. 'Move your head, Mum,' said the girl, 'I can't see properly.'

The mother's hand was now unashamedly feeling my cock. 'You're right,' she said, 'it feels quite a tasty one.' She unzipped me quite easily and my penis sprang out. The daughter started moaning as her mother's fingers encircled my penis and began to caress it. 'Oh yes,' said mother, 'it's a beauty.'

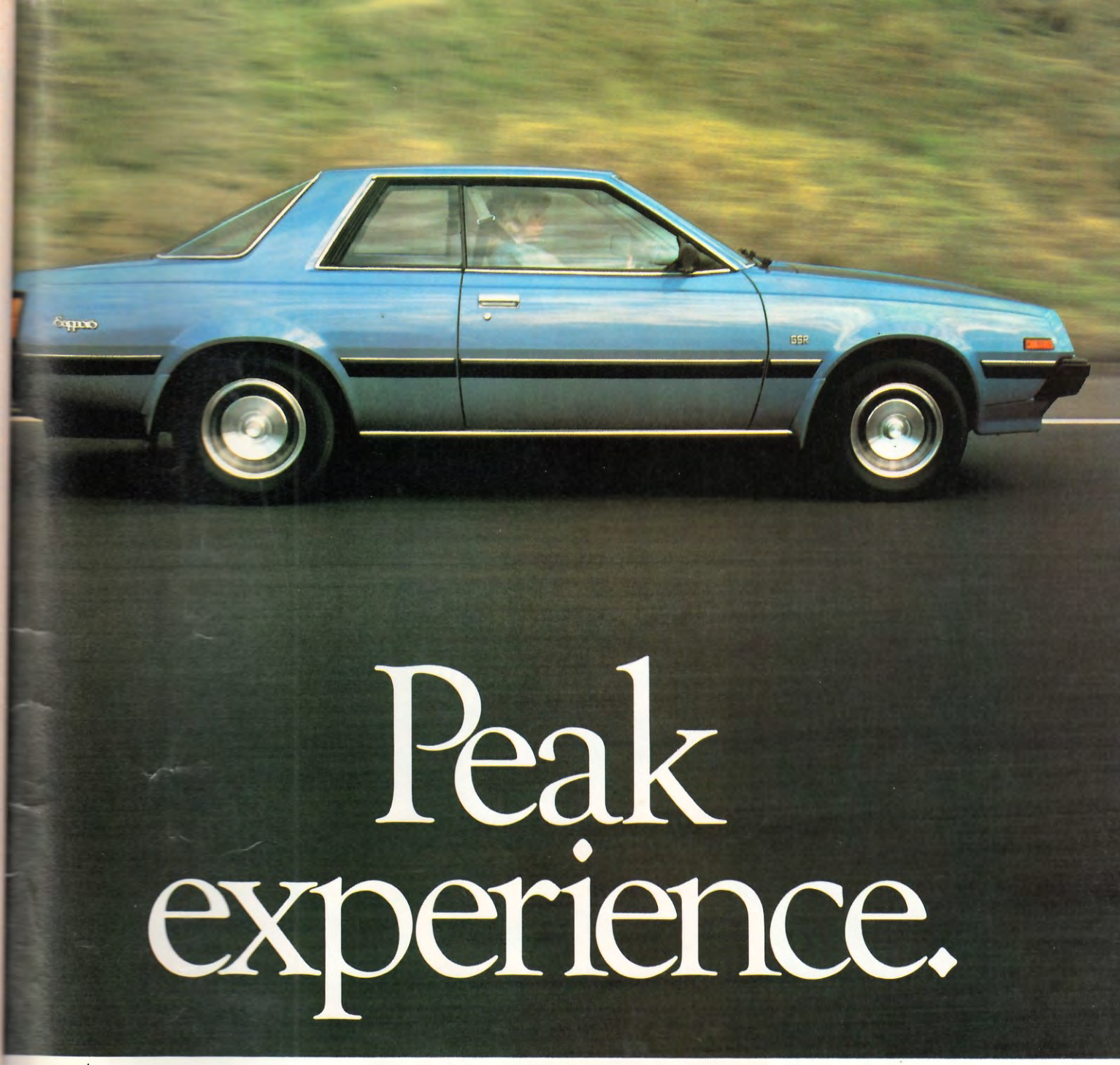
The daughter was moaning quite loudly in my ear and I feared I was going to shoot off immediately if I wasn't careful. I tried to concentrate on my driving but it was little use. Meanwhile the daughter was obviously enjoying playing with herself in the back and sounded as though she was actually having an orgasm. The mother tried to bend her head under the steering wheel. 'I'd like to take this in my mouth,' she said, 'but it'll have to wait until we get to the hotel, I'm afraid.'

Meanwhile for the rest of the journey she stroked and caressed my dick, never quite bringing me to orgasm but always just stopping short. She even wet her fingers with her saliva and liberally soaked my knob while she cupped it lovingly in her palm. By the time we reached the hotel my trousers were halfway down my legs and my balls were aching like hell.

They came up to my room and we had some drinks sent up but what I thought was going to be the greatest threesome of my life never happened, although the mother sucked me off while the daughter watched. It was obvious they weren't going to be content with one cock and as soon as I'd come they left, without even having undressed completely.

Their parting shot was that they'd like to see me again but only if I had a couple of well hung mates with me. They gave me their phone number and I'm hoping to be back there in a couple of weeks. If anything interesting happens I'll write and let you know. – *N.T., (full name and address withheld), Taunton.*

'Oh, he's in the reception room, making a futile pass at your secretary.'



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